JUN 2 1931

TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VII — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1931 — NUMBER 49

From a painting by Francesco Francia.

Christian History

SINCE CALVARY. An Interpretation of Christian History. By LEWIS BROWNE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THOSE who liked "This Believing World" will like "Since Calvary" even better, and those who cared little for the former work will care even less for the latter. Mr. Browne still writes in the same easy, flowing style which he who runs may read without lingering to ponder, he still uses an abundance of slightly shopworn metaphor, he is still, at all costs, striking, but besides these dubious qualities he possesses superb narrative ability and the power to infuse life into the dullest facts. The story of Christianity was never more interestingly told than in "Since Calvary." Whether it is fairly told is another question. Mr. Browne has grown bolder, more radical, more hostile to organized religion; within certain limits his contentions are well established, but only within those limits.

The subtitle, "An Interpretation of Christian History," suggests a broader subject matter than is actually discussed in the book itself, which is concerned almost wholly with the institutional and political history of the church. Beginning with the death of Jesus and holding that "Christianity was a product of an environment rather than of a man," Mr. Browne shows the new religion arising as a Messianic cult and modified by Hellenistic influences in such a way as to make it adaptable to the whole pagan world; he traces with amusing gusto the heresy hunts of the early centuries, does full justice to the monasteries in their preservation of the ancient learning, and writes brilliantly of the triumph of the papacy (his realistic account of the crusades would alone make the book worth reading). The causes of the Reformation he finds, like most modern writers, to have been chiefly political and economic, but he regards Calvin, not Luther, as the most important figure of the period in making Protestantism into the perfect religion for the middle classes. The Catholic Counter-Reformation and the Jesuit movement are presented justly, almost sympathetically. The author rightly stresses the great significance of the Anabaptists of Holland and the German Pietists in the development of modern Protestantism, and of course he devotes full space to a consideration of the

(*Continued on next page*)

Deflating America

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

AMERICAN literary history has always been written by partisans, and the reader who is concerned with more than fact and date must keep his wits about him if he is not to be overpersuaded by the doctrines of a party or a school. In the nineteenth century it was the descendants or the heirs of the Federalists who celebrated for us whatever they could find in our literary tradition that was most imitative of the Old World. Parrington's admirable study of the American mind has done much to set that bias right, for his Jeffersonian democracy was in violent opposition to the opinion which made the literary history of America an attempt to catch up with European culture, but Parrington had neither space, nor apparently taste and inclination, for purely literary appraisals. His books emphasize the content and pass hastily over the art of our literature. A further corrective has been administered by the pioneer school of literary scholars, who will doubtless eventually produce a new history in which the criterion of merit in American literature will be its expression of the ideals and the emotions of the frontier. That book is not yet written. And now Mr. Angoff has launched the first two volumes of what, if one judges by his low estimate of a first period to which he has given eight hundred pages, should be on its completion at least a five or six volume work.* He represents Menckenian inconoclasm, the scientific rationalist at work upon a colonial period in which the antithesis of all that he stands for was dominant. One man in our memory might have written the history of American literature as a lover (judicious and critical) not as a partisan of that literature, with a scholarship equalling the best of these others, and an interpretative insight into the esthetic and the purely human which would have excelled. Henry A. Beers of Yale was diverted from his ideal task by the false values and prejudices of an academic system which in the nineteenth century American university decreed that an American scholar must not waste his time upon the literature of his own country.

* * *

To review Mr. Angoff's work with any thoroughness would require the pages of an entire magazine, for his documentation is voluminous, and his scope is large. He proposes not merely to examine all potential *belles lettres* written in what is now the United States from the settlement onward to about 1800, but also to estimate the net contribution of the various colonies and to comment upon the esthetic and intellectual qualities of their differing cultures. I must be content to generalize upon his point of view and his results.

His point of view is, to put it mildly, peculiar for a historian of a culture different from, yet antecedent to, our own. It is an attitude familiar since the postwar rationalists began to expose the booberies and irrationalities of their unfortunate country. Like Hamlet, neither man nor woman pleases them, and yet they are as eager as he to watch and criticize and if possible direct the play. Like Job's war horse their chief ejaculation is "Ha Ha," and whatever seems irrational to temperaments like theirs is wrong.

Applied to an earlier period this temperamental method has curious results. Mr. Angoff hates the Puritans, is indifferent to the Quakers, despises Southerners, is disgusted by the colonies at large, sums up the American pioneers as wastrels, ne'er do wells, and incompetents with a few intelligent but misguided leaders, sees in Franklin a "cheap and shabby" soul, in Edwards only a fanatic Calvinist, in Crèvecœur a romantic liar, in the Mathers learned and incomprehensible asses, and rejoices throughout his two volumes only in Roger Williams and John Wise, in Tom Paine and Thomas Jefferson, and (esthetically) in one piece of Virginia poetry hitherto overlooked. Not that he is entirely wrong in his estimates, which have the usefulness of all exaggerations. The value of his volumes lies precisely in their prejudice. If to judge an age of Puritanism by the thesis that Puritanism was a mistake invites Burke's challenge that you cannot indict a people, nevertheless, under the scrutiny of such ruthless dislike, previous overestimates shrivel and some true aspects of men now viewed by an enemy come out strong and clear. But it may be stated as a principle, that in literature especially, no final estimate can be based upon dislike. It is very much to Mr. Angoff's credit as a scholar that, profoundly disliking at least three-quarters of the foundations of the American mind and character, he should have forced himself to devote two volumes to what he regards as a worthless literature. Yet it is not to his credit or to his advantage as a critic that his labors have perforce become an exercise for the spleen.

His work has numerous inaccuracies in dates, identifications, and minor facts. Some of these have been pointed out by other reviewers, and it is not necessary here to extend the list, although it may be said that to refer to "Thanatopsis" as the first American contribution to *belles lettres*, thus depreciating Irving's "Knickerbocker History of New New York," seems a more serious error than to misdate the founding of Yale or to overlook the modern edition of Woolman's "Journal." The immense difficulty of securing entire accuracy in so comprehensive a work is, however, too well known to justify violence on this head. There has been a regrettable tendency in recent American scholarship to damn the slightest error in fact, no matter how unimportant, while letting shallow, misguided, or mediocre opinion go free.

A much more serious criticism of Mr. Angoff's

* A LITERARY HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By CHARLES ANGOFF. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. 2 vols. $5 each.

This Week

"The Caliph of Bagdad."
Reviewed by HYDER EDWARD ROLLINS.

"After Robespierre."
Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT.

"America Moves West."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"The Problem of Unemployment."
Reviewed by W. J. COUPER.

"Tolstoy."
Reviewed by ALEXANDER KAUN.

"When the Wicked Man. . . ."
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

Orion.
By ALDOUS HUXLEY.

Pegasus Perplexing: A Charade Contest.

Next Week, or Later

"Living Philosophies."
Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

book is the result of his own premises. Roughly speaking, three-quarters of his two volumes is concerned with the nature, effects, and disabilities of Puritanism, which in so many modifications and manifestations influenced most writing of any importance done on this continent before the Civil War, and dominated the whole colonial period. Mr. Angoff feels, in common with his school, that the influence of Puritanism upon American life as he has experienced it has been pernicious, and he has, of course, a right to such an opinion. It is *his* experience, and many not of his school would follow some way along the road of his condemnation. But when he criticizes the literature of the Puritan period in terms of his own dislike of Puritanism he commits a most serious fallacy. It is true that this literature in New England is much, if not most, of it unreadable today, it is true that esthetically it can be proved to have suffered by the obsession of its writers with the problems of Puritanism; but in the history of America this literature is essentially a record of how the American intellectual mind was working. It *is* the mind of our intellectual forebears; to an extent which only the historian realizes, it was *their* experience. It had for them an intense significance which a modern is free to say is not so important as his own, precisely as *The American Mercury* or *Harper's Magazine* today would seem to Jonathan Edwards of the utmost triviality and irrelevance,—but for them it was all important. Mr. Angoff's first job as a historian and as a critic is to understand what Puritanism meant to Edwards and to his period, a period which has an achievement to its credit that we cannot yet claim—since it launched a social, economic, and intellectual experiment which, if by no means Utopian, was at least the chief historical feature of the next century. After that he can say where and how it was wrong. I am not suggesting *post hoc, propter hoc*, and yet it is clearly a dangerous critical method to begin with a violent dislike for the intellectual and moral exercises of three-quarters of the colonial intellectuals and moralists, who are inescapably, and for good or ill, the progenitors of the American mind.

* * *

How badly the system works can be seen in Mr. Angoff's chapter on a man who, though in no sense a Puritan, shares in the general distaste of the author for his chosen period—Benjamin Franklin. Franklin, while the debate over colonial rights was under way, "never knew precisely what all the noise was about." "Luck was with him, and he chose the right side." "He was the first great fixer of American political history, and also . . . the first great trimmer." "He wrote a good deal, but it was chiefly to make money." "Franklin represented the least praiseworthy qualities of the inhabitants of the New World: miserliness, fanatical practicality, and lack of interest in what are usually known as spiritual things." "His course was too moderate for the extremists in either country. Nobody really knew precisely where he stood, so evasive was he." "Basic philosophic ideas were beyond him." "The essential commonplaceness of the man is in every line of [his Autobiography]." "The upper levels of the mind were far beyond his reach." "The vulgarity he spread is still with us."

This I submit is a triumphant instance of the dangers of passionate debunking. It is snobbish criticism. Franklin was a rationalist and his rationalism and tolerance should have appealed to this castigator of Puritan fanaticism, but unfortunately his practical commonsense and his care for such creature comforts in a civilized state as have made America the land of savings banks, electric lights, bath tubs, and prosperity, run counter to Mr. Angoff's antipathy to middle-class America and all its ways. Nearly everything he says about Franklin in the lines I have quoted above has some truth in it, but the whole is grossly untrue. It reduces one of the first citizens of the eighteenth century world to the stature of George F. Babbitt by violently underwriting his merits and accusing him of the lack of qualities which he never pretended to possess. His wise tolerance becomes uncertainty, his hard-headed and materialistic commonsense is an absence of Edward's mysticism, his lack of interest in the metaphysical speculations, which elsewhere Mr. Angoff criticizes, is a sign of inferior mentality, his failure to be a Jefferson is proof that his influence upon American life was both negligible and (paradoxically) dangerous, his concern for thrift, the indispensable economic quality in a new country without capital, is clear evidence that he was the prime mover of the prosperity mongering of the 1920's. Now Franklin was not a saint, not spiritual, not a great writer, not an original intellectual force, not anyone's martyr, nor a planner of an ideal democracy. He was simply a great man on his own plane, which happened to provide for him a career of immense influence, and a developed personality which impressed the imagination of all Europe then, as it has posterity since. I agree with Mr. Angoff in disliking the results for America of Poor Richard's philosophy, but you get nowhere historically by venting your rancor upon misrepresented records of the past.

I say then that this new history of America is vitiated as sound history and as sound criticism by the temperamental extravangances and the partisan purposes of its author. It is a useful work, instructive, corrective, and often illuminating, but it is like the drastic medicines of the old-time doctors which were never safe to take without a reliable and a handy antidote.

Christian History

(*Continued from preceding page*)

phenomena of Methodism. The Unitarian movement, on the other hand, is unduly neglected. On the whole, he considers the Reformation, with the subsequent splitting up of Protestant sects, to have marked what he frankly calls the "breakdown" of Christianity, since which time the religion has been engaged desperately in an "ordeal of survival."

In all this colorful story, Mr. Browne is much better in presenting mass movements than in analysis of individual psychology. Where the complexities of the latter are concerned, he often oversimplifies, as for example, when he writes of St. Paul: "One thing seemed to him to be absolutely obligatory; to be saved one *must* observe the sacraments. Once that requirement was adhered to, there was nothing to fear." Some of the most notable figures in church history, such as St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, receive only a line or two of space, and the great medieval mystics not even that. Dante and Milton are barely mentioned; Gothic architecture is never considered. "Religion," says Alfred North Whitehead, "is what the individual does with his solitude." In all that subjective phase of religion, in what to many would seem the essential part of religion, Mr. Browne is not primarily interested. His book, almost avowedly, is a behaviorist's view of Christianity.

If one considers the deeds of religious men, or any other men, rather than their words and the hopes and dreams behind their words, he will be forced, if he shares Mr. Browne's candor, to come to Mr. Browne's conclusions. The history of Christianity as revealed in its acts and institutions is, on the whole, a sorry record of political intrigue, superstitions, and intolerance. Religious establishments have opposed every advance of science and the amelioration of life to which science has indirectly led. Even their noblest structures, such as the orders of St. Benedict, St. Francis, St. Dominic, and St. Ignatius, have moved through the inevitable cycle of such institutions, beginning in idealistic fervor, passing, through their own success, into wealth and formalism, and ending in a long sterility. The Church itself is but a larger and more complex institution which is doomed to the same course. Meanwhile, untouched by all these outward matters, ecclesiastical and moral, the inner spirit of Christianity has always been concerned with other issues. Mr. Browne glances at it in passing when he says of the Methodists that they saved many "from that very real hell which is suffered by the annihilated ego." This was the first function of Christianity and it is the last. Mr. Browne seems to think that the ego is today strong enough to escape the sense of annihilation even outside of religious institutions. If that is true, so much the better for the ego, so much the better for Mr. Browne, but so much the better, also, for Christianity.

A case was heard in the Chancery Division recently as to the copyright in Pepys's Diary, which has never been published in full. It has been printed in various selections, from a single volume up to the eight volume edition of Wheatley's, but the remainder is not likely to see the light in any stage of emancipation which can be foreseen. Pepys wrote the parts "unfit for publication" in French, and sometimes in Latin, Greek, or Spanish, adding certain confusion of his own. A transcript of the whole is in possession of Magdalene College.

O. Henry

THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD. By R. H. Davis and A. B. Maurice. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by Hyder Edward Rollins
Harvard University

"THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD," with its agreeably fanciful division of the subject's life into sections called Aladdin, Sinbad, Haroun, and Scheherezade, is a pleasant book to read. The subtitle, "Being Arabian Nights Flashes of the Life, Letters, and Work of O. Henry," accurately describes the biography, which, as the preface confesses, is largely made up of "memories, more or less shadowy, and often conflicting." Not only is the book entertaining, but it also is the fullest and the most important life of O. Henry that has yet appeared—invaluable for its letters and for the personal reminiscences of Mr. Davis. The two editor-friends of O. Henry have served his memory well in avoiding the customary sentimental-romantic portrait, to present him instead as a real man ("He had his light affairs [with women], many of them, and his conquests were more or less easy"); and when, or if, the definitive biography comes to be written, it will depend, especially for its account of O. Henry in "Bagdad," very largely on their attractively written chapters. They give, too, glimpses here and there of a bygone little old New York that are thoroughly fascinating.

Probably the "nights flashes" explain the neglect of many important writers and books on O. Henry. Thus the index has no references to the writings of Archibald Henderson, Seth Moyle, Mabel Wagnalls, George MacAdam, Art Young, F. L. Pattee, or Mrs. Gerould, to Mrs. Porter's "Wind of Destiny," Upton Sinclair's "Bill Porter," or "O. Henry's Ghost." Miss Patterson's story (p. 275) was first published, not in 1914, but in a pamphlet dated 1908. Incidentally, the ill-fated musical comedy "Lo" derives its name, not "from the line of Poe," but of Pope.

Perhaps, too, the "flash-method" accounts for the unsatisfactory, and indeed superficial, manner in which Porter's Texas days are narrated. No first-hand investigation lies behind the authors' treatment. It is a pity that they do not mention the deliciously quaint illustrations Porter drew in 1889 for J. W. Wilbarger's "Indian Depredations in Texas" (cf. p. 83). And it is certain that they would have relished the series of newspaper articles published by D. W. Hollis in 1925 under the title of "The Persecution of O. Henry," which—apart from an extremely favorable account of Porter's trial—reproduces many letters and cartoons and pictures of value.

No doubt Porter's trial and conviction for embezzlement were the most important events in his life. It is surprising to find that the authors made no study of the documents but depended solely on the late C. A. Smith's biography, which (as I pointed out in the *Nation*, January 11, 1917) gives an altogether misleading and inaccurate treatment of these tragic events. On the question of Porter's guilt or innocence, they try to keep an open mind. Yet they speak twice of "a glaring inaccuracy in the indictment." They endorse Smith's erroneous statements that Porter was convicted of misappropriating $554 (I use round numbers) on October 10, 1894, $299 on November 12, 1894, and $299 on November 12, 1895, though on this last date he had "severed all connection with the [Austin] bank" and "was living in Houston." "Both Porter and his attorney," we are misinformed, "failed to notice, or else ignored the vital inconsistency." Evidently the authors have a low opinion of justice as administered even in Federal Courts in Texas; and their comments are, to phrase mildly, not flattering to the intelligence of the distinguished judge who presided over the trial, or to the exceptionally capable lawyers for the defense and the prosecution.

Biographers, especially when convinced in advance of their hero's innocence, should get at the facts. Briefly, they are as follows: Four indictments were filed against Porter on February 10, 1896: No. 1145 charged a misappropriation of (to use round numbers again) $4702, Nos. 1146 and 1147 (with "discrepancies" in dates), of $554; No. 1148, of $299 on November 12, 1895. On February 15, 1898, two other indictments were filed: No. 1174 of $554 on October 10, 1894, No. 1175 of $299 on November 12, 1894. At the same time Nos. 1145 and 1147 were dismissed, No. 1146 was superseded by No. 1174, which was then consolidated with Nos.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1148 and 1175. Nothing could be more misleading than to say that Porter's attorneys failed to notice the discrepancy in dates: on February 17 they moved the dismissal of these indictments on the ground that No. 1148 "is based upon the same acts and charges the same offense as the one charged in the indictment No. 1175." The motion was overruled, and in the charge of the Court Judge Maxey carefully explained: "The charge embraced in these two indictments [1148, 1175] and the evidence introduced relative thereto refer to the same transaction, to wit: the embezzlement of the sum of two hundred and ninety-nine dollars and sixty cents, and they constitute but one charge against the defendant." Whatever may be the facts of Porter's guilt or innocence, there can be no possible doubt that his trial was conducted with all fairness, or that his attorneys used every available legal device to help him; and the entire proceedings were reviewed in the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, Fifth Circuit, at New Orleans—a fact not mentioned in this book. Porter himself thought that the jury was incompetent. He had in mind chiefly the fact that one of its members (an honest but ignorant man) was colored.

Inaccuracy and vagueness mar all the Texas section. Porter's flight to Honduras can hardly have been a last minute decision, but was evidently premeditated. The editor of the Houston *Post* and another friend gave him $260 to help pay the expenses of his trial, and that windfall no doubt led to plans for flight. The staff of the *Post* assumed that Porter had gone to Cuba. Writing on July 10, 1896, the night editor asserted:

> The reporters who went to see the Austin train off saw Mr. Porter there, and he has never been seen since. Our presumption naturally is that he took the east bound Southern Pacific, which leaves [Houston] about the same time. . . . We know he speaks Spanish fluently and think that a man who is a fugitive from justice might naturally try to bury himself in Cuba.

There appears to be no foundation for the story of Porter's sudden decision to change trains at Hempstead and to skip his bond. Certainly he was back in Austin by February 1 (not 5), 1897, probably earlier; for on January 21 he telegraphed from New Orleans to his wife's stepfather P. G. (not G. P.) Roach, "Wire me twenty-five dollars without identification quick can't get my check cashed W A Bright," and the money was sent on the following day. Porter's life in Texas still remains to be written. It deserves a far closer study and a much better documented presentation than it has up to now received.

Disappointing, too, is the discussion of "The Wide Appeal of O. Henry." It mentions, for instance, only De Kobra's French versions of his stories, not those of Maxime Maury and others. Nothing at all is told of translations elsewhere on the Continent, as those into Spanish in 1923, 1925, into German in 1926, into Italian in 1928. O. Henry's vogue abroad is apparently increasing, and it would undoubtedly have tickled his sense of humor to know that he has been "included" in the Scandinavian languages more completely than in any others, and that in 1925 he secured the vicarious immortality of being the subject at the University of Strasbourg of a doctor's thesis written in French.

One doubts, however, whether O. Henry's vogue at home is keeping pace with his vogue abroad. The authors indulge in almost no critical remarks on this subject or others. Once, to be sure, they describe their hero as "a master of the American short story," and rather breathlessly Mr. Davis speaks of not realizing in 1903 "the stupendous importance of the rôle he was to play in letters." "Stupendous" is a big word, and it can hardly be disputed that, only twenty years after O. Henry's death, so far as critics and the best contemporary short story writers are concerned, his day is largely over. His excessive timeliness, his vulgarity, his sentimental and shallow treatment of patches of life, his rigidly mechanical technique—all have gone out of style. A glance at the stories reprinted in the annual memorial volumes named in his honor shows that most infrequently is he paid the compliment of imitation. Many people in America, of course, still read and enjoy O. Henry, and his racy anecdotes continue to serve in drawing-rooms as well as smoking-cars for a "that reminds me." Probably he will long continue to be read for the pictures he gives of the first decade of the century, not improbably he will remain "a master of the American short story," but surely "stupendous importance" is a very great exaggeration. Meanwhile, the authors have given a vivid picture of the man, William Sidney Porter, whom they have presented truthfully as a lovable human being.

The French Revolution

AFTER ROBESPIERRE: The Thermidorian Reaction. By ALBERT MATHIEZ. Translated by C. A. PHILIPS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $5.

A BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By J. MILLS WITHAM. New York: The Viking Press. 1931. $5.

THE JACOBINS. By CLARENCE CRANE BRINTON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $2.60.

LA REVOLUTION FRANÇAISE. By PIERRE GAXOTTE. Paris: Arthème Fayard et Cie. 1930.

THE MAGNIFICENT COMEDY. By MEADE MINNEGERODE. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT

TO say that there is a "revival" of interest in the French Revolution as indicated by the various books enumerated above which are, after all, only a small part of the more recent publications relating to that subject, is a contradiction

O. Henry caricatures one of his biographers. An artistic assault on Robert H. Davis, made by Sydney Porter at a baseball game in 1903.

in terms. Interest "revives" only when it has been dead or moribund, and of all historical subjects the French Revolution is perhaps the hardiest of perennials. Interest in it has never flagged, and shows no signs of withering. The interest, indeed, changes; the plant throws out new shoots continually, it bears so many different kinds of flowers that one is almost tempted to wonder occasionally if it is really the same plant at all. From Mignet to Gaxotte the whole gamut of size, form, color, even, if one may push the figure farther, the perfume, changes; and it is only because the names of the characters remain constant that we can recognize it at all in some of its manifold manifestations.

Moreover the character of those who write about it, their personal interests and their personal equations, their "points of view"—to use a much overworked modern phrase—their qualifications, their methods of approach and of treatment, disclose that, among other things, if the epithet "manysided" can be applied to anything, it certainly may be to the French Revolution. One reason for this is, of course, its dramatic character. The other is that as was once said of Ireland, its history has never ceased to be politics. M. Mathiez is a Robespierrist—some have gone so far as to call him a Communist. M. Gaxotte is a Royalist of the school of L'Action Française; Mr. Whitham and Mr. Minnegerode are men of letters with many books to their credit, both in the realm of fiction and of history; Mr. Brinton is a professor, and these last three—presumably—have no immediate concern with whether France shall be royalist or communist.

Their books are as various as their opinions and occupations. M. Mathiez has continued his volume on Robespierre with an account of the reaction against Robespierre and Robespierrism and the momentary triumph of the "Perpetuals" who "constantly violated the principles of democracy," "more arbitrary than the government whose place they had taken," despised by the great majority of Frenchmen, with "nobody behind them but the purchasers of national property and the army contractors," "with the aid of the army," their "politics a profession and a source of profit," their policy without cohesion or consistency. To Mr. Minnegerode, it appeared that to most people in 1794, "the important thing was to be alive. For the people who were not bankrupt . . . particularly for all that youth which had emerged from childhood under the Terror, with its restraints and repressions, there was only one desire, one instinct, translating itself into a national hysteria; to be gay, to be noisy, to be gregarious, with Robespierre's spies and denunciators disposed of, to make up long arrears of sociable laughter and chatter . . . to dress up, and do things, and go places. To play with the girls, and a chuckle for Virtue." Politically, in the two words, "regicide and profiteer . . . was to be found the key to the whole policy of the Directoire in its last years. To protect their heads from the vengeance of a restored monarchy . . . and to preserve their acquired fortunes from the confiscation of a renewed Jacobin movement"—these were the "principles" of the Directory.

There is nothing particularly new in this—save one thing. That is the emphasis on the period of the Directory which has not had its fair share of attention in recent years, men being too much taken up with the Terror and Napoleon. Yet, viewed in another light, the Directory is the best comment on Robespierrism and the Terror. It is like the English Restoration in comparison with the Puritan rule; only much, very much, more so. And if, as we have been told so often, the violence of the Revolution is in proportion to the oppression which preceded it, what shall we say of the Revolution in the light of the Directory? To M. Mathiez the characteristic figures of the Directory seem to be, in the order and frequency of mention. Tallien, Fréron, and Barras, with, perhaps, Barère. Mr. Minnegerode stresses Tallien. But when Mr. Whitham writes of the Directory he heads his chapter with the name of Sieyès. To M. Gaxotte the Directory is nothing more than an interlude between the Terror and Bonaparte; it has no single figure of consequence; it occupies twenty of his more than four hundred pages; it is only the heir of the bankruptcy of the Commune, the progenitor of Napoleon, the child of one kind of tyranny, the parent of another. He represents what may, without prejudice, be called an older school of thought; and if one may venture a prediction as to the future of the historiography of the French Revolution, it is that, judging from these volumes, it will lay greater stress on this period of the Directory which, relatively, has been long neglected.

* * *

But there is another question which these volumes raise, a very old question but one ever new. It is part of the eternal problem as to whether bloodshed is due to revolutionaries or to those who oppose the revolution. The classic answer of all revolutionaries is that it is the counter-revolution which makes Reigns of Terror necessary; that, in short, if those opposed to revolution did not resist, there would be no bloodshed. That is the accepted formula for the French Revolution above all. The other formula, which has been accepted no less wholeheartedly with respect to the French Revolution, is that it was a grim but obvious necessity; that it saved France from anarchy within and from defeat without, that it kept down enemies at home and repulsed the enemies from abroad. That doctrine has been preached by men as different as Mignet and Louis Blanc, Thiers and Aulard. It has been opposed by the talents of men like Sorel and Taine. It finds a strong supporter in Mathiez, and an equally strong opponent in Gaxotte; and their respective learning can be compared as ill as their respective literary skill.

The third formula which has made up the trinity upon which defense of the Terror rests, is closely related to the second. It is that the Terror was not so bad after all, that only about twenty thousand people lost their lives, and that was a small price to pay for such results. It seeks to minimize the ferocity as well as the bloodshed of that fearful period; it points out that most men lived through it. And if the study of Thermidor and the Directorial period is carried on, it may be that the fierce reaction of that hectic and corrupt era may throw some light upon the actual attitude of the French people toward the Terrorists. For, when all is said and done, the nation which ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perienced the Terror and the Empire came out in 1815 at a point not distant from that of 1792 in most of the essentials of government, with whatever benefits of experience and spirit it acquired by the excesses in between.

Yet one thing is notable as one reads more and more of the more recent histories of this great period. It is that, whatever the labors of scholarship, the most popular histories of the Revolution in France, from Taine through Sorel, and Madelin to Gaxotte—if one dare put those names together—have been, more or less strongly, against the Revolution, or at least against the Terror; and this despite the labors of Aulard, Jaurès, and Mathiez.

* * *

So far as these present volumes are concerned, they vary greatly in almost every respect. That of Mathiez is a scholarly exposition of the period between the fall of Robespierre and the establishment of the Directory—fifteen months in two hundred and sixty pages, detailed, documented, monographic. That of Professor Brinton is a minute study of exactly what the Jacobins were and did and thought, as derived from a multitude of records for the most part printed in local histories of the organization or embedded in the histories of the communities in which they were formed. It is the best and clearest presentment of its subject; and if the author concludes that "what was meant sincerely as a study in the new history has come to a conclusion strangely like that of the old," in spite of those statistics which are the mark of the "new" history, his book is none the worse for that. The volumes of Mr. Minnegerode and Mr. Whitham, on the other hand, are of a different character. Mr. Minnegerode, whose industry and literary skill, with a vivid historical imagination, has pictured for us something of our own past, has transferred those talents to the delineation of the Directory, with equal, if not even greater success, in a most entertaining and informing volume. Mr. Whitham, who has figured hitherto chiefly in the field of fiction, has found a new thread upon which to string his biographical beads, and in his studies of the leaders of the various epochs of the revolutionary period from the beginning to Brumaire, has connected those brief sketches with chapters of narrative history to make a general narrative which combines at once the movement of history and the charm of biography. Finally M. Gaxotte, whom all scholars will declare knows little or no history, in the sense that he is not an investigator, has written a frankly royalist account, so popular that it is now in something like its seventy-fifth edition in France, and, as a recent writer has said, is "unscholarly enough to have a great popular success in the United States," if it is translated, as it probably will be. He has, if one may venture a crude and not very accurate generalization, taken much the same facts as Mathiez and drawn precisely opposite conclusions from them. And if the one has idealized the Terror and its heroes, the other has idealized the old régime and its martyrs.

* * *

Many years ago Lord Acton wrote of the historians of the French Revolution: "In a few years all these publications [the source materials] will be completed, and all will be known that ever can be known. Perhaps some one will then compose a history as far beyond the latest that we possess," as the then latest books were in advance of their predecessors. "In that golden age our historians will be sincere, and our history certain. The worst will be known, and then sentence need not be deferred. With the fulness of knowledge the pleader's occupation is gone, and the apologist is deprived of his bread." Lord Acton was too optimistic. He took too little account of the interpretation of the evidence, even the same evidence by two men of different minds. There are and doubtless will remain, two schools of thought; and, as a recent speaker remarked, "I see no difference between a prejudice in favor of the monarchy and a prejudice in favor of the revolution." For it is not merely that our knowledge of the past is transformed which makes the writing of "new" history necessary; it is that our minds and our perspective change. And yet, with all the changes, as these volumes prove, and many more like them, there remains that irrepressible and eternal conflict between the schools of ordered progress and of violent change, of evolution and of revolution; and those schools do not change. Nor, in the last resolution, can either say that this or that policy was necessary or unnecessary. It is enough to describe things as they were and happened—as nearly as possible—and leave off vain if amusing judgment and speculation as to what might have been, or might have been avoided. For there are no "ifs" in history. In that respect, at least, Professor Brinton and Mr. Minnegerode are the best historians. They should make friends—"assuming," to quote Lord Acton again, "that it would be possible for an honest historian to have friends."

The American Frontier

AMERICA MOVES WEST. By Robert E. Riegel. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1931. $3.75.

WESTWARD: The Romance of the American Frontier. By E. Douglas Branch. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

THE gap long presented by the lack of good histories of the West is rapidly being filled. These are two excellent books. Both are built on the groundwork laid by Professor Turner, Paxson, and Cardinal Goodwin, but both contain original features of value. Since they aim at different publics and are to a great extent different in content, they supplement each other. Speaking in broad terms, Mr. Branch's book is a history of the human movement toward the West; he is interested in the individuals who made up the great popular tide. Mr. Riegel's book is a history rather of the causes and results of this movement. The one places his chief emphasis on the people, the other on the events. To be sure, Mr. Riegel tells us much of the pioneers and settlers, and Mr. Branch relates a good deal of the history of laws, battles, State constitutions, railway charters, and other impersonal facts; but there is a clear distinction in their primary interest.

Mr. Riegel's 600-page book is comprehensive and analytical, and in every way admirably designed for the student. Like Mr. Paxson, he begins his story only with the close of the French and Indian War, and narrates it in a succession of short, compact chapters. In outline, indeed, it closely follows the model of Mr. Paxson's work, though the treatment is always Mr. Riegel's own. There are a few marked differences in proportion. In particular, more space is given to the trans-Mississippi West, and less to the frontier development of the South. Many of the divisions are models of condensed exposition, and the parts are dovetailed with striking smoothness and economy. While the chapter on the fur trade suffers from too drastic compression, those on the coming of the steamboat, on the system of land laws, on railroad building, and on Indian relations contain every requisite fact, interestingly and clearly narrated, in just the right amount of space. The most glaring omissions are the failure to treat the old Alabama-Mississippi frontier, and the absence of any discussion of the effects of the Civil War on Western development; but in view of the wealth of material in the book, they are not serious. Mr. Riegel has a gift for pungent statement which adds vitality to his pages. Thus he rightly remarks that Zachary Taylor in the Mexican War "succeeded in doing almost everything that a good general should not do." In treating of the Mexican republic, he comments that "Anglo-Saxons in difficulties always call for a convention and resort to rules of order to clear their minds."

* * *

The most novel element in Mr. Riegel's history is his series of cultural chapters. He never lets his reader forget that the frontiersmen and settlers carried a civilization with them, and that it suffered significant changes as it moved westward. Early in his book he pauses for a picturesque account of the frontier religion, with its uneducated clergy, its revivals, its boistering camp meetings, and all the other elements which have led down to Billy Sunday and Aimée MacPherson (Mr. Riegel does not mention these) as natural products of the movement. Doubtless Peter Cartwright would be horror-stricken by the performances of Aimée, but they are akin just the same. Later the frontier college, beginning with Transylvania, Miami, and Kenyon, is treated with great respect; due mention is made of Fanny Wright and her queer Nashoba colony, Dorfeuille and his Cincinnati museum, Mrs. Trollope and her bazaar, and Barnum with his show of moral bears; and it is noted that between 1810 and 1825 the best productions of Byron and Walter Scott were republished *west* of the Alleghenies within a year of their appearance in England and sold like hot cakes. The author closes with a chapter on "The West of Song and Story"—i. e., the Far West—in which we are glad to see that he does justice to such a recent figure as Will James.

Mr. Branch's stirring story, unlike previous works on the subject, brings the humble individual unit in the great westward advance into the foreground. Plenty of attention has heretofore been given to the leaders; to the Houstons, Boones, Frémonts, and Ben Holladays. Mr. Branch has gone through a mass of material to extricate, in striking incidents or bits of description, the typical experiences of the obscure man or woman. He begins, as we think proper, farther back than his predecessors, with the thrust of the first coastal settlers into the Piedmont and the Allegheny foothills. His book is by intention neither comprehensive nor analytic. It leaves out many chapters of westward advance and western settlement. There is no systematic or full treatment, for example, of the organization of the fur trade, none of the early history of railroad or steamboat, none even of the first Far Western explorations. But in compensation the writer offers chapters that none of the other books contain—one on the Genesee country and Cooperstown, for example; one on the "grand scale" explorations of the fifties. A good many errors in historical detail can be detected in his pages. But his purpose is to offer a mass of brief, condensed transcripts from the experience of the American people on their westward march, and to give us a continuous chronicle which shall catch the spirit of the great migration rather than contain a precise statement of all the facts. In this purpose he fully succeeds.

Under notably felicitous chapter headings he gives story after story, quotation after quotation, that chime into a rough kind of epic chorus of western development. Listen to Joseph Doddridge speaking for the hunters:

> As soon as the leaves were pretty well down and the weather became rainy they became uneasy at home. Everything about them became disagreeable. The house was too warm, the feather beds too soft, and even the good wife was not thought for the time being a proper companion. The mind of the hunter was wholly occupied with the camp and the chase. I have often seen them get up early in the morning at this season, walk hastily out and look anxiously to the woods and snuff the autumnal woods with the highest rapture, then return into the house and cast a quick and attentive look at the rifle.

The poor settlers of western North Carolina upholding their rights as against the seaboard; a member of Lamar's expedition of Texans against Santa Fé describing their march; an Oregon missionary telling how he went barnstorming to induce emigrants to follow him to the Pacific Northwest—Mr. Branch has a keen eye for all such bits. His book is not a systematic history of the West, but it is a tale that will hold the true American riveted in his chair.

A Balanced Ration

"SINCE CALVARY." By Lewis Browne. Macmillan.

A panoramic survey of Christianity from the Crucifixion to the present day, eminently readable, and though necessarily cursory, still having substance as well as animation.

"FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE." By Bruce Marshall. *Doubleday, Doran.*

A witty, keen, and unsparing satire of religious hypocrisies and insincerities, gay as well as caustic.

"HO HUM." *Farrar & Rinehart,* or "BREAKS." *Cape-Smith.*

Volumes enshrining examples of unintentional humor resulting from mistakes made by newspapermen, the first drawn from the *New Yorker,* the second from varied sources.

The Saturday Review of Literature

Henry Seidel Canby.....*Editor*
Amy Loveman.....*Managing Editor*
William Rose Benét.....*Contributing Editor*
Christopher Morley.....*Contributing Editor*
Noble A. Cathcart.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by the Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. VII. No. 49.

The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

Copyright, 1931, *by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Most Expensive Luxury

THE PROBLEM OF UNEMPLOYMENT. By PAUL H. DOUGLAS and AARON DIRECTOR. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by W. J. COUPER
Yale University

UNEMPLOYMENT has scared us into the study of unemployment. This book is a clear, comprehensive, generally sound analysis of the problem here and abroad; and while we are still hungry and frightened we had best consider it.

The authors begin with the measurement of the amount of unemployment and its cost. In January 1931 there were approximately 5,400,000 unemployed in the United States; now there are more. For thirty years, without any apparent trend, unemployment has fluctuated between six and twenty-three per cent and averaged ten. Seasonal and miscellaneous causes are responsible for six-tenths, cyclical fluctuations for four-tenths of this total. The average annual wage loss of over four billion dollars, the consequent loss of a domestic market as great as our total export trade, the costs of idle capital equipment and decreased efficiency of labor make unemployment our most expensive American luxury.

We normally have more unemployment (that is, a larger total of persons unemployed) than any other industrial country. A challenging but unfortunately brief chapter is devoted to the explanation of this fact in contrast with the different rates in Great Britain, France, and Russia. While drawing no hasty conclusions, the authors suggest that Russia's decreasing unemployment in the face of a deepening international depression "should raise in the minds of open-minded men the possibility at least . . . of extending to the industrial system as a whole some of those methods of setting standards, of planning, and of coordinating which have been so effective within establishments." These methods are thoroughly canvassed, especially in the section dealing with seasonal fluctuations. Difficulties and limitations are not minimized but we are shown that the possibilities of profitable stabilization have not yet been exhausted.

Turning next to technological unemployment, the authors contend, in the spirit of Bastiat and other orthodox optimists, that *in the long run* technical change does not decrease the opportunities for employment. Improved technique may temporarily displace labor but it will either lower prices or increase profits. If the lower price of a commodity does not increase the demand sufficient to reabsorb the displaced labor (as in printing), it will release purchasing power (as in bottle making) to stimulate increased consumption of and more employment in the production of other goods. Higher profits likewise will cause industrial expansion. Since this line of reasoning, if carried to a rigorous conclusion, would also prove that, except for institutional friction, there could never be any unemployment at all, our authors' findings are not wholly persuasive. Temporary displacement is, however, adequately stressed and several proposals are suggested for alleviating the hardship.

The discussion of the limited market is the only place in which the book is at all disappointing. Nowhere is there any attempt to answer the immediately pressing question: Should wages now be reduced? Only incidentally is this aspect of the problem mentioned and one is led hesitatingly to infer that wage-cuts, however undesirable from the point of view of long run policy, would increase employment.

There follows an excellent analysis of the business cycle in the course of which the authors prophesy increased unemployment as a result of the continued decline in the price level during the next decade, discount the remedial effects of public works, and recommend a managed currency and credit system. A detailed discussion of the problems of private and public unemployment bureaus leads to a vigorous endorsement of the proposal (Wagner Bill, vetoed) for a federal-state system in the United States.

This last measure is necessary for the orderly marketing of labor. It is also necessary as a preliminary to the adoption of the concluding and major recommendation—compulsory public unemployment insurance for the United States. A full account of experience with every form of unemployment insurance here and abroad disposes of current misconceptions and opposition arguments. Unemployment cannot be wholly prevented. Wages don't permit adequate savings. Charity, the American dole, is insufficient and demoralizing. Insurance would provide for the laborers the same protection that dividend reserves give investors and might also have important preventive effects. The initiative of individual employers will not suffice—witness the fact that in the United States there are fewer workers covered by company insurance than in England where such schemes supplement the state system which is imagined to undermine private initiative. Some safeguard must be found against the next depression. Thus the authors build up an unanswerable case for compulsory insurance. Its inevitable acceptance cannot be long delayed.

Tolstoyana

TOLSTOY. Literary Fragments, Letters and Reminiscences Not Previously Published. Edited by RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER. New York: The Dial Press. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER KAUN
University of California

THE legacy of Tolstoy seems inexhaustible. While there is nothing startlingly new or unexpected in recent Tolstoyana, one is ever stirred afresh by the revealed features of that lonely and contradictory man. In his life even repetition and sameness have something of *"la grande monotonie de la mer."* To be sure, in the case of Tolstoy, as in that of Katherine Mansfield and other writers, over-zealous heirs occasionally exhume and publish the deceased's puerilities. Almost two thirds of the present volume are given over to dispensable fragments and draughts of Tolstoy's compositions and to two comedies which he prepared for home theatricals at Yasnaya Polyana. These are of interest only to the student of Tolstoy's literary development (and most of the material has already been published). Much more striking and illuminating is the portion of the book which contains correspondence and reminiscences.

At the age of thirty, in his letters to Botkin, Tolstoy is still the exuberant young pagan, even if he shows the symptoms of corroding introspection now and then. He has recently won fame on the battlefield and in letters, has been fêted and flattered in both capitals, and is now going abroad—another Peter the Great intent on borrowing knowledge from the West for the benefit of the natives. Russia is in the midst of epochal reforms, on the eve of the Emancipation. The air is filled with ideas and slogans, and Tolstoy is also engulfed. But the young blade is sensuous, and eager, and not a little bewildered. He discusses politics, but is apparently disgusted with it, and suggests that Botkin, Turgeniev, Fet, and himself "band together" to "prove the truth" of the view "that art is self-sufficient and eternal," "and to set art free, by word and act, from the power of haphazard, narrow-minded, sordid political influences of today." An equivocal adumbration of "What Is Art?"

Introspective from childhood, and preoccupied with moral self-perfection, young Tolstoy tosses about between sinning and repenting. He tells Botkin how bored he is with the "well-informed" persons in society salons, and that dancing is his only refuge," but this he immediately amends: "I need hardly tell you, dear friend, that all this is far from right." At Lausanne the call of the flesh prompts Leo to go to a certain place with Botkin's brother, but he is disgusted with the "thoroughly French, not to say corrupt, manners and customs of the place," and so the two "came back as innocent as when they went." In a postscript to his brother, Botkin adds a suggestive bit to that episode: "Tolstoy is always complaining of headaches; the simple truth is that he is a young man, and—*il faut jeter sa gourme*. But his bashfulness and stupidity ruined everything. . . ." The details are deleted.

The pagan and the christian coexist. He gambles and pays his "usual penalty," is "left practically stranded" in Moscow. He then proceeds to take a "self-imposed penalty," in the form of promising to finish his "Cossacks" within a year for Katkov, the publisher. Sin and repentance. May is outdoors, and Leo's blood is bent on mischief. In a deleted letter he tells Botkin about a certain Miss that "she can go to the devil! Just now the air is filled with the air of lilacs," and he ends: "In the spring one feels it is hardly worth while to get married. Life is so sweet, and we feel sure it will always be so!" Quite an ordinary moon-calf youth, were these passages not interspersed with unmistakably Tolstoyan sentiments that bring out the perpetual tragedy of conflict seething within him.

In his later years Tolstoy was besieged by callers and correspondents who sought his guidance. He nearly always replied, his answers gradually acquiring standardization. Be good, forbear, do not live in sin, forgive your enemy, endure your husband (or wife) but avoid marital relations, serve God, read good books—inclosed such and such books, "books to suit all occasions." His old passionate and quick-tempered self must have on more than one occasion burst through the benign surface, and he showed irritability with his questioners. Peace and happiness would have been Tolstoy's lot, had he actually embraced his faith wholly. His irascibility was a sure sign of the incompleteness of his conviction.

And yet, and yet there is a lovableness about the man Tolstoy, with all his frailties. Perhaps because these are so transparent, and we have before us his entire life, some eight decades, illumined by a merciless searchlight. In his fiction and essays, in his diaries and letters, in recorded conversations and reminiscences, we obtain detail upon detail of that complex, contradictory, human-all-too-human entity that is Tolstoy.

The book is translated from the German. The result of this third-hand version is often ludicrous. Russian names and terms have been so mutilated as to recall the worst German atrocities ever concocted in the imagination of the Allied press agents. The text is in sore need of notes for the uninitiated reader, but the editor has confined himself to a ponderous and not quite germane introduction. The value of the book remains inestimable despite its technical shortcomings.

An Anatomy of Graft

WHEN THE WICKED MAN . . . By FORD MADOX FORD. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THIS is a very striking and a very minor work. It is both these things because at the heart of it there lies a story more suited to a writer like Vicki Baum than a writer like Ford Madox Ford; it is a novel with a weak heart. Inevitably too much emphasis is laid upon manner, upon the "by-paths and indirect crook'd ways" through which the characters are brought face to face with each situation; and the situations themselves are given an unreal, a preposterous stature. As a triumph of manner over matter the novel is a *tour de force*, but *tour de force* in relation to literature has often enough an unkind meaning somewhere about it; and it would hardly be unfair to Mr. Ford to say that this sort of triumph is a very barren affair.

His "wicked man" is an Englishman called Notterdam who has spent the better part of his life adventuring in America, and has become a partner in one of the oldest publishing houses in New York. He is beguiled into signing a contract with an author whose work does not meet with his partner's approval, and is then persuaded into repudiating the contract. The author commits suicide, and Notterdam, suddenly realizing not only the nasty dishonesty behind this particular transaction, but also the precise amount of bribery and thieving which has made him into a successful publisher, is then to learn that his wife has been deceiving him with his partner who happens also to be his lifelong friend. He becomes the victim of hallucinations, in the course of which he is importuned by the suicide's widow to take her with him on a business trip to Europe. There he shoots the lady's paramour—a very minor gangster—in the belief that he is shooting himself. He returns to an applauding America.

Mr. Ford's attempt to probe the nervous system of American business—his Anatomy of Graft—begins apprehensively, develops hysterically, and ends with caricature. To the alien melodrama at the heart of it (alien that is to Mr. Ford) both the indeterminate behavior of his characters and the indirection of his prose are purely a work of supererogation. There are rare and sober moments in the book when we are permitted to see the real Ford, but for the most part he seems, through a process of overstatement and possibly of self-defense, to be standing his people in front of some kind of distorting mirror. I admit at once that this is more terrifying than ridiculous; but it is not truthful and it is not valuable. As a piece of cleverness which is not without sincerity "When The Wicked Man . . ." may command our admiration for whatever our admiration is worth. But not our assent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Orion

By Aldous Huxley

THREE-TANGLED still, autumn Orion
Climbs up, climbs up from among the north wind's shuddering emblems
Into the torrent void
And dark abstraction of invisible power,
Climbs up into the naked midnight, slowly climbs
Up into the black heart of the wind.

Pleione flees before him, and behind,
Still sunken, but prophetically near,
Death in the Scorpion hunts him up the sky
And round the vault of time, round the slow-curving year
Follows unescapably,
Follows, follows, for of all the gods
Death only cannot die.

The rest are mortal, of whom how many and how many,
Dust already with their creatures' dust,
Die even in us who live. But do we live,
We of whose hearts impiety
Makes, not tombs indeed
(For they with everlasting Death's
Mysterious being live),
But curious shops and learned lumber rooms
Where Death his sacred, his undying sting
Forgets, forgets (amid the to and fro,
Amid the irrelevant to and fro of feet
That come and idly go, how studiously forgotten!)
And where, by all the hurrying, all the peeping,
All the loud oblivion seemingly slain,
He lies with all the rest—and yet we know
Death is not dead, not dead but only sleeping,
And soon will rise again.

Not so the rest. Only Death the Scorpion,
And Death the Scorpion only now and then,
Burns in our unpeopled heaven of names
And insubstantial echoes; only Death
Still claims our prayers and still to those who pray
Returns his own dark blood, his own divinely
Quickening flesh, returns his mystery
And sacrament of fear.

Anger, laughter, those other mysteries,
Those more joyous, those more divine than Death's,
All the gods of dancing and desire—
Oh, where are they?
Only ghosts between the shuddering elm-trees,
Only echoes, only names and numbers climb;
And where the gods pursued and fled,
Only a certain time, a certain place
Attend on other ghostly times and places.
Fierce Orion and the rest are dead.

And yet to-night, because the wind exults,
Because the world is all one quenchless laughter,
Hunter, hunted, shine as with living eyes,
Eyes of recognition, beckoning, beckoning
Over gulfs that separate no more,
But like the sea whose desolate dividing
Yet brings safely home,
Brings safely home our voyaging desires,
Join with a living touch, unbrokenly,
Life to far life, the Hunter's to my own.

To-night he lives; yet I who know him living,
Elsewhere and otherwise
Know him for dead—dead beyond all hope.
For 'tis the infertile death, the unquickening
Death of measured places and recorded times
The hopeless death of names and numbers that he dies.
Only a thought, only a phantom climbs.
Put out the eyes, put out the living eyes;
Look elsewhere.
Yes, look elsewhere and think and have your being
Elsewhere and otherwise.

But also here and thus are in their right,
Are in their right divine to send this wind of laughter
Rushing through the cloudless dark.
They too, they too, by right divine
And imprescriptible, reveal
Starry gods and make me feel,
As now I do, as even now I do,
The presence in the night,
The real and living presence of their power.

Lit from this side and from that, the spirit of man
Throws either way its images, either way
Throws vast across the world, and on the tender
Quick within how burning small!
Throws, shall it be the living body of love?
Or, rotting, shall it be,
Rotting or parcht, picked to the bleaching bone
Shapes of sad knowledge and defiling hate?

'Lighten our darkness, Lord.' With what pure faith,
What too confident hope our fathers once
Prayed to the Light for lightening!
Loathsomely bountiful, the shitten Lord of Flies
Fulfils on us their prayers. They prayed for light,
And now through windows at their supplication
Scoured of the sacred blazons (but instead
How obscenely bedaubed!) all living eyes
Look dead, look merely dead;
While on the sky our guttering candle throws,
Not the Wild Huntsman, not the singing Hosts of Heaven,
But shapes of death and patterned nothing,
Names and measured times and places,
Numbers, ghosts.

And yet, for all the learned Lord of Dung,
The choice is ours, the choice is always ours
To see or not to see the living powers
Moving through the ghostly sky.
What though the Fly King rules? The choice remains
Always with us, and we are free, are free
To love our fate or loathe it; to rejoice
Or weep or wearily accept; are free,
For all the scouring of our souls, for all
The miring of their crystal, free to give
Even to a desert sky, to vacant names,
Or not to give, our worship; free to turn,
O God! within, without, to what transcends
The squalor of our personal ends and aims,
Or not to turn—yes, free to die or live;
Free to be thus and passionately here,
Or otherwise and otherwhere;
Free to learn, or not to learn,
The art to think and musically do
And feel and be, the never more than now
Difficult art harmoniously to live
All poetry—the midnight of Macbeth,
And ripe Odysseus, and the undying light
Of Gemma's star, and Cleopatra's death,
And Falstaff in his cups; the art to live
That discipline of flowers, that solemn dance
Of sliding weights and harnessed powers,
Which is a picture; or to live the grave
And stoical recession, row on row,
Of equal columns, live the upward leaping,
The mutual yearning, meeting, marrying,
And then the flame-still rapture of the arch,
The fierce and sleepless trance of consummation
Poised everlastingly above the abyss.

The choice is always ours. Then let me choose
The longest art, the hard Promethean way
Cherishingly to tend and feed and fan
That inward fire, whose small precarious flame,
Kindled or quenched, creates
The noble or the ignoble men we are,
The worlds we live in and the very fates,
Our bright or muddy star.

Up from among the shuddering emblems of the wind,
Into its heart of abstract power,
Orion climbs, and all his living stars
Are bright, are bright, and all his stars are mine.

The Italian National Book Fair was held this year at the old market of Trajan, among the ruins which have been recently uncovered and restored. Several books placed within stalls on the three levels of the old market were devoted to Englishmen and Americans. Edgar Wallace, Jack London, S. S. Van Dine proved to be most popular with Italian readers. Italian publishing firms brought some authors to the Fair to autograph their editions, while well known actresses conducted a lottery of popular editions.

Bernard Shaw recently declared that the English language was made up of 500,000 words and 208 noises. A Somerset farmer, he added, could get along with 300 words and a few expletives!

Pegasus Perplexing

NUMBER V

Dear friend, as soon as you have crossed the sea
'Twill be a comfort if you haply-cable
My first about yourself to anxious me
(Of course in words the fewest applicable).

My second and my third—to it the swain
The unappeasably enamored-lout,
Commits the verses which his feeble brain
Hot head and heavy hand have hammered-out.

My Whole Speaks

For me our forest acres are denuded;
In me are blended truth and brazen fiction;
By me are men instructed or deluded;
On me are lavished praise and malediction.

NUMBER VI

The throat of Sir Toby grew thicker and thicker,
Reduced to a fierce, inarticulate thirst,
Till he rolled on the floor like a hogshead of liquor,
Still waving my first.

If you're parting for long with the people you know-well,
And wish an informal and intimate word,
Adieu and *farewell* are too stilted to go-well:
Try my second and third.

I am offering now a perplexing enigma:
If musical mummery poisons the soul,
Why do sanctified people with never a stigma
Take part in my whole?

RULES

Throughout the summer months *The Saturday Review* will publish two charades in each issue of the magazine, the last charade to appear in the issue of August twenty-ninth.

It is our hope that readers of the paper will be interested in solving these puzzles and will submit answers at the conclusion of the contest. Prizes will consist of copies of the book from which the charades are taken, "Pegasus Perplexing," by Le Baron Russell Briggs, to be published by The Viking Press at the conclusion of the contest.

Contestants must solve correctly at least ten of the twenty-four charades in order to qualify. A prize will be awarded for each of the 100 highest scores obtained by those who qualify.

The highest score will win a copy of the book specially bound in leather.

In case of ties each tying competitor will receive the award.

Solve the charades each week as they appear, but do not send in your answers until the last charade is published on August twenty-ninth.

In submitting answers merely number them to correspond with the number of the charade to which they apply and mail the list to Contest Editor, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

All answers must be mailed not later than midnight of September tenth, 1931.

It is not required that competitors subscribe to *The Saturday Review;* copies of the magazine are available for free examination at public libraries or at the office of publication. The contest is open to everyone except employees of *The Saturday Review* and The Viking Press.

The accuracy of the answers will be verified by the editors of *The Saturday Review.*

A unique institute has been founded in Vienna (says a correspondent to the London *Observer*) a collection of the brains of famous persons, artists, scientists, writers, composers, etc., which are to be shown under glass at the new museum managed by Professor Economo. There will be sufficient space for exhibiting the brains of 1,000 persons, who are to leave them to the institute by will for the sake of research work. Professor Economo is sending an appeal to leading men of intellectual ability to enrich his collection.

The measurement of weight will form an important part of the Museum's task. The average brain of the Caucasian race weighs 1,367 grammes (man), 1,206 grammes (woman). Persons of extraordinary gifts have heavier brains: Kant's weighed 1,650 grammes, Byron's 1,807, and Turgeniev's 2,012. However, the process is not quite reliable, for the record was made by an epileptic idiot, whose brains weighed as much as 2,850 grammes.

The shapes of both brains and skulls of geniuses and specialists, such as great mathematicians, chess-players, musicians, and others, are to be made the object of thorough study. Incidentally, a Berlin correspondent has recently reported the brain of Hermann Sudermann, the playwright and novelist, which he left in his will to the Director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, has now been examined microscopically, and a full analytical description of Sudermann's qualities as a writer is now published.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

More on Eriksson

LEIF ERIKSSON, DISCOVERER OF AMERICA, A.D., 1003. By EDWARD F. GRAY. New York: Oxford University Press, 1930. $7.50.

Reviewed by H. HERMANNSSON
Cornell University

THE discussion about the earliest discovery of America on record goes steadily on. One book follows another at short intervals. Yet there is no definite solution in sight, nor can one be expetced when we consider the material we have to work with. Our sources are literary, and still unsupported by any archæological finds. In order to judge properly these literary sources and draw conclusions from them, it is necessary to know more than them alone; an acquaintance with the whole Icelandic saga literature is essential.

And it is just in this respect that so many commentators on this early discovery fall short. They read the two works in question and think by mere comparison they can estimate their historical value. Unfortunately the two principal sources, the "Saga of Eric the Red," and the "Tale of the Greenlanders," do not agree. It is clear that they go back to the same tradition, but they are written at different dates, and give therefore different accounts of many events in the story; the question has been how to reconcile the two. A full reconciliation has proved impossible, hence a preference has to be given to one of the two, and it is here that the writers disagree. Now it must be borne in mind that within the old Icelandic literature there are different kinds of sagas, each kind having certain characteristics of its own, and in order to put any particular saga in its proper place one must be acquainted with the saga literature in general. Any one familiar with this, will notice the differences in language and presentation between the Eric Saga and the "Tale of the Greenlanders." The latter bears clearly signs of the decadence of saga writing, while the former has much in common with the sagas which are called historical and which were written in the latter half of the twelfth century and in the thirteenth century.

Unfortunately we do not know exactly the date of the original of the Eric Saga, but it was not later than the thirteenth century, possibly at the beginning of it, while the "Tale" is known to have been penned in the last decades of the fourteenth century. The "Saga" gives the impression of a fairly reliable tradition; the "Tale" on the other hand visibly represents an oral tradition in the process of dissolution. This does not mean that everything to be found in the "Saga" is trustworthy; there are various features of it which look suspicious, but on the whole the subject is treated there in a manner which inspires confidence. Nor is everything unreliable in the "Tale." It has probably preserved certain features of the tradition which the "Saga" has intentionally or inadvertently omitted, but the course of events runs too smoothly as a rule, and many things happen there as in a fairy tale. Bjarni Herjolfsson passes by three countries without even taking the trouble to land, and knows offhand that they are not Greenland although he has never been there, and finally he lands at his father's farm in Greenland, as if sailing by chart and compass, though neither of them was in use at that time. The various expeditions to Vinland go exactly in the same fashion; every one reaches its destination without the slightest difficulty. This does not happen in the real world, and the "Saga" tells us also that the explorers had doubts and difficulties, as well might be expected.

It is to be noticed that writers familiar with the saga literature in general give preference to the Eric Saga, while authors who do not have such knowledge, like William Hovgaard, G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, and Mr. Gray, the author of the book under review, rely largely upon the "Tale." The last two have been particularly anxious to show that the "Saga" represents the Icelandic version of these events, while the "Tale" has the Greenland one, and that the difference between the two versions is largely due to the rivalries and jealousies between these two groups of people. There is absolutely nothing to support such a contention, in fact the writer of the "Tale" disposes of it himself when at the end he tells us that Karlsefni, the Icelander, is the principal authority drawn upon.

Mr. Gray goes perhaps farther than any of his predecessors in piecing together the two sources, and sometimes rearranges them in a very arbitrary way, as when he transfers to the voyage of Leif in the "Tale," events said in the "Saga" to have happened on Karlsefni's voyage. This cannot be done unless there is some weighty evidence which would warrant it; such is, however, not at hand. The author identifies most of the places mentioned in both sources with localities on Cape Cod and in its neighborhood, but such identifications must remain subjective, because unfortunately the geographical or topographical descriptions given in the sources are so vague that they cannot form a trustworthy basis for definite identifications. To localize those names of the story requires more minute information than given there, or some archæological evidence. To be sure, a runic inscription has recently been found within this area, but very wisely Mr. Gray does not rely unduly upon it, nor is there reason to do so because the inscription is obviously spurious; whether it is a forgery made with the deliberate intention to deceive, or is merely a prank, cannot be determined. On account of its crudity the latter would seem to be the explanation.

Mr. Gray has gone to his work with great enthusiasm and been most painstaking in gathering support for his theory. Because of this his book can be recommended to all interested in the subject; it gives valuable information about these localities which always must be taken more or less into consideration when dealing with these voyages, and it contains many interesting observations pertinent to the subject, but Mr. Gray is far from solving the problem, so the discussion will still go on.

A First Play

"OVERTURE 1920." By WILLIAM BOLITHO. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by WALTON LOSEY

IN those months which preceded his shocking death last summer, Bolitho had finished a first play, "Overture 1920." Whatever "corrections" he might have made from the vantage point of further years, the play, according to friends with whom Bolitho discussed it, was finished not only "in his mind" but on paper, Mr. Beer-Hofmann's prefatory sentiment to the contrary not withstanding. However, finished or unfinished, that much-mooted controversial point can be of only academic importance, for the written word thrives or languishes proportionately to its intrinsic stamina, and what might have been of considerable interest to a tentative estimate of the living Bolitho, must, now that he is dead, be weighed for its own sole worth.

When Bel Blau picked the author of "Twelve against the Gods" to write plays, he followed a legitimate, but not altogether reliable, inclination. The hard brilliance of those thrilling essays in character is surely the stuff of what Percy Hammond, in his review of the "Overture" production this season, called "valid drama"; nevertheless one must remember that the attitude of mind which ascribes significant dramatic contour to the accidental juxtapositions of life is part of the essential heritage of an artist, and that while any "valid" creative expression has, necessarily, a certain amount of dramatic content and line, drama itself is quite another thing. At any rate, under Mr. Blau's instigation, Bolitho undertook to write a play. Naturally enough, his unapprenticed hands found the form inert and unwieldy: one feels that he was constrained to the arbitrary, external, mould of drama; material which he had never really thought of in terms of drama. The result is a dull, progressionless, first act, barren alike of character and situation. Then out of this labor for form, three characters seem to be born; and "Overture," though never a play, finds satisfactory artistic resolution and absolution in a sense of the futile reality of these few people moving briefly against the dark curtain of their mortalities. It is possible that this was no part of Bolitho's intention, this emotional halo; but if Bolitho intended, rather, to present the idealist and the realist and the ideal-realist woman, in all their conflicting, though complementary, functions, or if he intended merely to portray the naive splendors of idealism, he leaves one only to guess at that intention, making no clear announcement in action of the thematic relationships of his characters. And thus, though "Overture," taken wholly, has neither technical shape nor artistic entity, in its very inconclusiveness, it reaches toward appreciable creative accomplishment.

Victoria's Husband

PRINCE CONSORT. By FRANK B. CHANCELLOR. New York: Dial Press. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by R. A. BINGHAM-SPENCER

IT is surprising that hitherto only two biographies have been written of one who, as the husband of Queen Victoria, left a lasting impression upon the Victorian era. Both of these works might be said to have been produced under royal "command" and as such reflect the tendency to meet with the royal approval. Even though much valuable information regarding the life and character of Prince Albert is accessible to the public through the numerous works dealing with the life of Queen Victoria, Frank B. Chancellor's contribution should be most welcome.

As the French people never forgave Catherine de Medici for being an Italian, nor the Empress Eugénie for being Spanish, no matter how whole-hearted their devotion was to their adopted countries, so the English could never forget that Albert of Saxe-Coburg was a German. Mr. Chancellor says that "his chief fault was a tendency to regard himself and his actions too seriously. There was plenty of zest for fun in his character but very little of that sense of humor which, if he had possessed it, might have made a large difference in his after life. This lack of a sense of proportion . . . endured to the end." Part of the difficulties he encountered might be laid at his own door, for one must remember that England of the late '30's had not taken on the momentous seriousness of the late '80's and early '90's.

The seriousness of Albert's nature was evident when he was still quite a small boy. He was naturally studious and regarded his work as a pleasure rather than a task and astonished his father by informing him, when he was only eleven, "that he wished to make himself a good and useful man." This was really the keynote of his whole life.

Albert must have looked forward to the prospect of being the Queen's husband with some misgivings, for on his first visit to England, though he thought his cousin very amiable, "he did not at all care for the climate, the different mode of living, and, above all, the late hours," and later began "to wonder whether the English people were displeased with the approaching marriage." The first year of his married life was very difficult. "There were differences of opinion, even quarrels." Victoria was Queen. She was at times intolerant and jealous without reason. "She wanted him to be obedient, and he sometimes rebelled." After the arrival of their first child, a great change came over Victoria; she became passionately devoted to her consort. Albert proved himself to be a model husband, always in attendance on his wife.

As he grew older he became greatly interested in the internal conditions of the nation, in the pitiful situation of Ireland, and in the betterment of the living and sanitary conditions of the poor. Perhaps the greatest achievement of his life was the development and successful culmination of the Great Exhibition of 1851. It was entirely Prince Albert's own idea; he did much to make it a success through his untiring efforts to enlist the coöperation of the entire nation against much general disapproval. terests throughout the world, there is no doubt.

While it is doubtful whether he had any vital influence on English politics, there existed a great deal of mutual admiration and respect between Sir Robert Peel and himself. Albert was intensely interested in foreign affairs, he and Lord Palmerston were constantly at loggerheads, and though Russell appreciated the value of his colleague, Albert played no small part in Palmerston's removal from office.

Albert's position was particularly difficult when Europe drifted into the Crimean War. As a foreigner, he was basely accused of being an enemy of England by the more scurrilous newspapers, and no matter how hard he worked in England's interest, his unpopularity grew. Only after he was dead did the country realize his worth. Palmerston himself knew now how great a loss the country had sustained. Mr. Chancellor remarks that Disraeli contended that "with Prince Albert, we have buried our Sovereign. This German Prince has governed England for twenty-one years with a wisdom and energy such as none of our kings have ever shown. . . ."

A devoted husband and father, who carried out in his life the wish he had expressed as a young boy to be "a good and useful man," his influence on England of the middle classes was very great. Mr. Chancellor has written his book with rare understanding.

Interpreting Humanity

ROBOTS OR GODS. By ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

PROFESSOR GOLDENWEISER offers an interpretation of humanity not new in substance but in the way it is given. Dualism has many forms and manifestations. Professor Goldenweiser is thinking of it in connection with sociology, anthropology, and psychology, and draws on them all. His "basic thesis is rooted in an old, old dilemma of the anthropologists, namely, the remarkable contrast between primitive industry, so largely matter of fact, and primitive thought, so largely mystical." The problem of life from the early phases to the latest has had "two aspects, a physical and a mental, and it was solved in two directions. The one solution was by industry, the other by supernaturalism"; or call it the craft mind and the intuitive mind, two attitudes of mind arising from the situation. The craft mind is the ancestor of invention, of science, of logic. It believes a thing is true when it proves to be so. Its test is proof. The intuitive mind's test of truth is experience within itself. It is true because I feel it. The religionist, artist, mystic, are largely introverts; the technician, inventor, scientist, largely extraverts. The achievements of the latter tend to become mechanized. The craft mind that is absolutely without intuition becomes a robot. On the other hand the intuitive mind that loses all contact with the matter of fact goes mad. If it were a disembodied mind in a non-material universe its madness would not be madness, but within the limitations of a physical and social world it is. "What is it that makes spirits and gods divine? It is because they are like mind"; they lack the qualities of physical substance, they are not limited by things as they are.

To draw an illustration from language: Grammar is related to the craft mind, vocabulary to the intuitive. Grammar expresses only the matter of fact, time, space, number, and the like, objectively observable differences. There is no such limitation on words. "One need not know a people in order to master their grammar," but to master the meaning of their words is to penetrate their inner life. Grammar is precise and dry. "Words appear in a fringe of conceptual and emotional overtones."

There is a gulf separating human asperations from the realities that are hard and tangible. In an age of mechanism the conflict between them and the resulting tension are assuming critical proportions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

Egyptian Art

THE ART OF EGYPT THROUGH THE AGES. Edited by Sir E. DENISON ROSS. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1931. $15.

Reviewed by ASHTON SANBORN
Boston Museum of Fine Arts

BETTER than most of its kind, this book fulfils the intention of its editor in giving a comprehensive survey of art in Egypt from primitive beginnings in the fifth millennium B. C. through the great eras of splendor and completely developed native culture during the Old Kingdom or Pyramid Age, the Middle Kingdom or Feudal Period, the New Empire, when Egypt extended her dominion eastward into Asia as far as the Euphrates river, and onward into Mohammedan times. The dissolution of Egyptian art is seen during the later centuries of foreign invasions when the vigor of native social and political life declined under the usurpation of power by Ethiopians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans to disappear entirely during the Coptic period and to be superseded by the alien Mesopotamian culture of the conquering Arabs in the seventh century A. D., which imposed not only a new language upon the indigenous inhabitants of the Nile Valley, but also, for a second time in their history, a new religion.

These changes are definitely, even dramatically, expressed by Muslim monuments of art in Egypt. How completely the old culture of more than four thousand years duration had vanished is forcefully indicated by a comparison of the mortuary temple of Queen Hatshepsut built in the fifteenth century B.C. at Deir el Bahari and the mausoleum of Qayt-Bay at Cairo built in the fifteenth century A.D., both distinguished for their fine architectural proportions and for the exquisite details of their decoration; or by the further comparison of the massive, unadorned magnificence of the Great Pyramid with the impressively great and simple, though unhappily less enduring, mosque of Sultan Hasan.

The plan of the book is a series of short chapters on the different periods written by competent specialists, supplemented by an abundance of illustrations. Out of over 350 pages, only eighty are text. Inasmuch as the survey covers about six thousand years of artistic activity in the various fields of architecture, sculpture, ceramics, textiles, and metal work, the reader obviously cannot expect more than enough information to enable him to examine the illustrations intelligently. Although drastically restricted, a number of the essays are admirable examples of *multum in parvo*, and there are few misleading statements. However, Mr. Peet describes the tomb of Menes as "the one great building which has survived" from the First Dynasty. As a matter of fact, scarcely a trace of the superstructure of this tomb now remains in the edge of the desert near Naqada. Mr. Hall makes the amazing blunder of assigning to "the chief treasures of Cairo," the famous pair statue of Menkaura (Mycerinus) and his Queen, having apparently mistaken the plaster cast on exhibition in the Cairo Museum for the original, which is in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Vigorous exception must be taken to Mr. Hall's opinion that Egyptian art is "absurd" in its convention of drawing, which disregards perspective and shows different parts of the same human body now in profile, now in full front view. The conventions of drawing familiar to the modern world are still merely conventions, and not necessarily the best that might be devised. Ancient Egyptian artists used a different idiom of expression, no more illogical than our own. As realists they sought to give both plan and elevation in one and the same drawing, "to see around" the figure represented. When we understand their aim and have taught our eyes to apprehend their unfamiliar vocabulary, we shall unhesitatingly accord to the great artists of ancient Egypt the supreme credit which is their due as masters of line, of composition and design, and of surpassing technique in the manipulation of materials.

The examples chosen for illustration are for the most part good, although many poor views of Old Kingdom sculpture have been unfortunately admitted. The halftone cuts are consistently excellent; the collotype plates consistently bad. Indeed the latter are of such amazingly inferior quality, not only in the printing which is so heavy and dark as entirely to obliterate details, but, in most instances, in the fantastic photography with its bizarre lighting and ugly shadows, that a person unfamiliar with the subjects shown would be actually prejudiced against objects which rank among the greatest artistic achievements of mankind.

SUMMER BOOKS

Five Novels by

VIRGINIA WOOLF

In an attractive uniform edition, stamped in gold, small in size, these earlier novels by Mrs. Woolf are perfect week-end companions or hostess gifts. "Night and Day" has previously been unavailable. Each, $1.35

NIGHT AND DAY — JACOB'S ROOM
MRS. DALLOWAY — THE VOYAGE OUT
TO THE LIGHTHOUSE

"One of the happy events of the season!"—William Soskin, N. Y. Post

MORNING TIDE

Neil M. Gunn

Nominated for the Hall of Fame by the Vassar Co-operative Bookshop, "because it introduces a new literary stylist; because it depicts that rare thing in literature, a congenial family life; and finally because no other novel of the spring compares with it."
$2.50

MISS MOLE

E. H. Young

Sprightly, sophisticated novel with a charming heroine and "a chuckle in every line."—*Philadelphia Ledger*. $2.00

ANIMOSITIES

Peggy Bacon

Verses and drawings by one of our foremost artists and satirists. $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., 383 Madison Ave., N.Y.

D'Annunzio

GABRIEL THE ARCHANGEL. By FEDERICO NARDELLI. New York: HARCOURT, BRACE & CO. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI
Columbia University

I STRONGLY object to the easy way the author of this book, Federico Nardelli, has treated intimate relations of living persons. The fact that one is a famous man should not allow others to peer into the family and personal affairs, and, even less, to intrude in the families and in the affairs of those men or women who were related to the famous man. Indiscretion is permitted only after a lapse of time, when the man and relatives and their sons have disappeared.

The rights of history are incontestable, but history needs time to consider the facts and must possess a human viewpoint. Common sense has always distinguished history from gossip. History can use a certain amount of gossip, which is then taken up in a superior atmosphere. When gossip uses facts of history it becomes debased. Hegel said that if one cannot be a great man to his valet, the fault is not with the great man but with the valet.

Mr. Nardelli has been a loyal follower of d'Annunzio. By the will and under the direction of the man whom he humorously calls Archangel, he was Minister of Public Instruction in Fiume, the most important position he was ever able to attain in the affairs of Italy. And I seem to feel, throughout this book, the envy and rage of the literary failure against the successful man.

Why are we interested in d'Annunzio? He is a poet; he was a dominant personality in a period of Italian life, and one of the foremost personalities in European literature. His loves, his tricks, his egotism, his treasons have no interest in themselves. There are many like him, more or less successful in love, fortunate in life, and employing methods without morals. We relegate their biographies to corners of salons, or, if a scandal arises, to the chronicle of tabloids.

I am not a follower of d'Annunzio. I might even add that I have always been in the opposite literary field. I think that only four or five of his poems will remain in Italian literature. I detest his padded, ornamental, superficial style. I believe that his influence has been pernicious to Italian youth. But I do not feel called upon to publish his love letters, the list of his debts, the names and portraits of the women who lived with him, nor his too close relations with chambermaids. I refuse to consider the laundry list of a poet a literary document.

Much more destructive of d'Annunzio than this book was the essay of Croce. He qualified d'Annunzio as a "poet of sensuality." In this way he pierced his conceited, patriotic poetry. Thus he abolished his morality of superman. And he left d'Annunzio in his own field, king of a limited kingdom. True, equitable criticism contained in the boundaries of literature is more effective than personal attacks.

Now that I have spoken as a man of today, let me speak as a man of tomorrow. The victims of this book have gone. They are only names and symbols. Sons also have gone and the memoirs of their mothers and fathers hurt no one. I say, then, that this book is very, very interesting. There is a vein of humor throughout. It is a fine piece of reverential irreverence. D'Annunzio is called the Archangel, but the tone of *maestoso* generally ends in *comico*. The superman is often an underman. His style has been imitated in a humorous fashion.

I find it difficult to give a suitable quotation, so full is the book of stinging episodes, of keen anecdotes, of humor, and of jokes. Which shall I choose? The one of the Marquise of Rudinì, whose conquest was made while she was in a bath? The adulterous wife, whom d'Annunzio makes appear insane in the eyes of the husband? The figure of the vulgar millionaire from Argentina who came to buy d'Annunzio's villa and the poet himself, had not d'Annunzio gotten the best of him? Or shall I take the episode of Tchitcherin who was invited to partake of a supper at Gardone and then in very exquisite terms informed that he would be decapitated? One should really cite the entire book! On the whole, however, the general impression is not so bad as the author would have wished it to be.

From the moment he first saw light at Pescara to these last days he is spending in Gardone, the hours of adventure in the life of d'Annunzio are revealed. His retirement after so much adventure is, after all, only a custom of Abruzzo, his native land. Even today, gentlemen who feel that they have lived sufficiently, go behind closed doors. They are never seen by anyone, and are cared for by some faithful, secretive servant. Thus their life, surrounded only by the memory of their past, is closed. And in the case of d'Annunzio, what memories! The women who loved him, from the princess to the actress, from the woman of the fields to the waitress, the friends who surrounded him and the crowds which acclaimed him, the soldiers who saw him as a glorious hero on land, sea, and air, the people of two nations, Italy and France, who heard him speak and who read his works in their own language!

The general tone of the book is somewhat ironical. The exploits of the poet are not always the most beautiful, nor are they at all times delicate or in good taste.

However, I cannot refrain from making two observations. Notwithstanding his treasons and his abandonments, the women whom the poet loved never became his enemies. Both his wife and mistresses remember him without rancor. It is true that he has known how to transform his every word into gold, and he has unpityingly taken from Government as well as from private citizens fantastic sums which he has, with princely fantasy, scattered throughout the world. Has he not been the vindicator of the poets of the whole world, from Homer to Leopardi, who lived in poverty and to whom even charity was denied?

These are the reasons why, when I finished reading this book, I did not feel inflamed with indignation against d'Annunzio. To confess the truth, I did feel disdain for his biographer, Nardelli. As for the translator, Arthur Livingston, I hasten to say that in his translation he has greatly tempered the more scandalous points of the original, and of his own has added that pleasant, refined irony that gives spice to the book. Let us say, then, that if the book has any merit, it is due to Livingston.

Charles A. Dana

WHEN DANA WAS *THE SUN*. A Study of Personal Journalism. By CHARLES J. ROSEBAULT. New York: Robert M. McBride. 1931. $3.75.

THIS brightly written book—books about the *Sun* cannot help being brightly written—fills in its unpretentious way a valuable niche. For one thing, it is a better balanced biography of Dana than the authorized life produced years ago by James Grant Wilson, which stupidly gave most of its space to Dana's Civil War career; for another, it embodies a mass of illuminating office gossip and observation, each item insignificant in itself yet making an illuminating whole. Mr. Rosebault saw Dana at close range from the city room. Indeed, he twice had the felicity of being discharged by Dana, both discharges being taken in a Pickwickian spirit. "Mr. Lord," said Dana to his managing editor when he suddenly noted one day that a man he had ordered dropped had simply been moved to a new desk, "I have come to the conclusion that I am the only man on the *Sun* who can't discharge anybody."

The author has no illusions about Dana's consistency or principles. He indicates a truth that has often been ignored: that much of Dana's seeming perversity and cynicism was simply his editorial instinct for stirring up a rumpus. When he used the Irish agitation to attack England, subtly exploited anti-Semitic prejudices, attacked labor organizations, ferociously beset Cleveland, and gave an occasional hand to Tammany heelers, there was not much use in discussing the question of his sincerity; he was creating news values and keeping his public awake. Mr. Rosebault also indicates how he stamped his personality on the *Sun*, and created the marvelous atmosphere of loyalty and zeal which made the very office boys ready to die in the breach if they could make a single column brighter. His recipe included a frequent and judicious use of praise, with very little blame. When blame came, the office was hushed as for a Judgment Day. All Dana's personality is described by anecdote and quotation—his encyclopædic knowledge, his scintillations, his Mephistophelian vein, his brusqueness. For good measure, a brief sketch of that brilliant Irish-American journalist, W. M. Laffan, is thrown in at the end.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Literature

Out of Scandinavia

SKÀLHOLT, JOMFRU RAGNHEIDUR. By GUDMUNDUR KAMBAN. Copenhagen: Hasselbach. 1931. 2 vols.

Reviewed by SIGNE TOKSVIG

ONE believes Gudmundur Kamban, when he says in his preface to "Skàlholt," that he has taken a thousand big pages of notes from the archives in various countries for this historic novel of the seventeenth century in Iceland. But, far more important for the reader outside Iceland, one believes in the people whom he has recreated. Before the first chapter is over, one feels: I can safely give myself to this book, it isn't going to cheat, it is a piece of new life that I am going to be able to live, piquantly different in setting and psychology from our own, and yet credibly alike in the depths of it. And the promise of the first chapter is kept. The book is real and alive clear through.

You have no choice but to believe in the young heroine, Ragnheidur; you feel her beauty and her strength of character, and you feel the anguish that pierces her, when she learns that Dathi, the man whom she secretly loves, has had to do with another woman. Ragnheidur's father is the Bishop of Iceland, a stern, just, powerful man, and Dathi is his favorite among the many young men who belong to the almost feudal establishment. The bishop has even made Dathi his daughter's tutor, but for her marriage he has definite plans, not including the tutor. Ragnheidur, determined as one of the Fates, soon forces the brave Dathi to explain that his misstep was due to his despair at her unattainability. Whereupon she discloses her feelings for him, and the school hours become hours of love. There is gossip. A jealous rival breathes the gossip to the bishop. Horrified, the father realizes that the gossip has spread so far and so unseizably that there is only one way in which he believes she can clear herself. It is the traditional way of a public oath. She must stand up on the church floor before the whole congregation and swear that she is *virgo intacta*, a virgin free of the touch of man, and six good men and true must stand up and swear with her that they believe her. The oath will be surrounded by the holiest pomp of the church. Will Ragnheidur do this, her father asks.

Ragnheidur blanches. She loves her father and would do anything to save him pain. But she shrinks from this, she begs him not to force her to this public shame. He insists, and she yields.

The pride of Ragnheidur in going through with this, the tense solemnity of the scene, nothing could be better done. And life then goes on as before, only that Ragnheidur and Dathi are not now so careful. Who would suspect them now? The girl's pure strength supports the man, who has had to give in to her, though it means breaking his promise to the bishop about not giving even the shadow of an excuse to gossip. He writhes in spiritual torture when the bishop insists on ordaining him, to give him a living as a pastor. But he dare not refuse.

Then, not long enough after the virgin's oath, a kinswoman of Ragnheidur, Helga Magnusdottir, a living saga woman charges her with being pregnant. The girl coolly admits it. This is the high point of the book and one is made to share some of Helga Magnusdottir's terror and amazement. How Ragnheidur is able to explain things satisfactorily to her kinswoman, and how Helga takes her home and shields her from all prying eyes, brings to a conclusion the first volume.

The "Jomfru Ragnheidur" part of "Skàlholt" is not, however, a first volume in the sense that it cannot be read separately. It can. It is full of other characters besides those mentioned, all vivid. It differs from its nearest fictional relatives, Sigrid Undset's novels, in its clarity, brevity, and dry sense of humor. But the unifying element in it is the story of the beginning of love and its first white-hot flame in strong, pure, passionate natures. Gudmundur Kamban writes this with such feeling, such sureness of touch, such forceful simplicity, and such complete absence of sentimentality, that even had there been no second volume, of Ragnheidur's love tested by life, we should still be deeply grateful to him.

The second volume is the somber aftermath, the long winter after the brief Icelandic summer. Ragnheidur, sheltered during her pregnancy by a woman relative of the same indomitable temper, bears her child, and now her father, the stern, righteous, autocratic Bishop has to be told. The two pastors who bear the news to him ride as if under a heavy weight; the awful weight of Ragnheidur's apparent perjury. The strength and delicacy with which Kamban describes the fulfilment of their task and its effect on the Bishop are unsurpassed. Ragnheidur's return to her father, for the confronting of those two strong natures, her long intense ordeal of separation from her lover and child, her pathetic death so unsentimentally told—one is forced to the sagas for comparisons. It is the same mastered ardor, the ice-clad volcano, the themes of life and death, love and conflict of wills, treated with terrible simplicity. The tragedy is almost more than one can bear, and yet one must read to the ironic end, where the Bishop, who loved his daughter and killed her, draws a sigh of relief: he has succeeded in getting her reputation cleared by royal decree.

If Ragnheidur's lover does not return except for their passionately tragic parting, and if Icelandic legalism takes up a good deal of space, that is history. Some of the history and some of the characters, vividly drawn though they be, may not seem very relevant to Ragnheidur. They are not supposed to be. Although this second volume closes the life of the Bishop's daughter, the story of her father and son will be told in another volume. But Kamban has given Ragnheidur such appealing life that her fate seems more important than Iceland's. It is a book whose keen freshness and hard, sure mastery are not easily forgotten.

A Note from Athens

By GEORGE PANOU

PRESENT-DAY Greek writers—and these are many—are verily an unhappy lot. They have to put up with a very slowly declining public indifference to reading, with a language not only not definitely stabilized but also read by nearly the smallest single group of people of the entire continent, with the shocking competition of the ubiquitous and superficial newspaper and of the still more superficial French book. But, well, why go on with my lugubrious tale?

Why go on when all these have not daunted that prolific Zantiote who takes such a queer pleasure in putting his address at the end of every novel of his? I mean Gregory Ksenopoulos, the ablest and busiest of the prose writers of contemporary Hellas. Recently he was elected a member of the Literature Section of the Athens Academy, the creation of General Theodore Pangalos, the one-time quasi-Dictator of this land of ours. This Academy is, by the way, a new institution and, at best, a gentlemen's club. What it may become is, of course, quite another story. Another event for him must surely have been the recent turning into a fair film, by a local company, of one of his earlier and better novels, "Stella Violantis," a love story of considerable amusement and modernity. (I hope that my own translation into English of "Laura," another one of Mr. Ksenopoulos's novels, will soon see the light.)

The literary and theatrical circles and, in fact, most reading Greeks, are delighted with the laurels won in the States by Marika Kotopoulis, the fine emotional actress.

No note from Athens should ever end without a word about our politics. The Republic is now seven years old, serene but very, very poor, a little lazy, and last but not least, in the arms of a "nurse" that is not so very wonderful after all in times of peace. I mean Venizelos.

"Rummaging in one's shelves, almost at random," says Allan N. Monkhouse, in the *Manchester Guardian*, "one finds few classics which can be said to begin inappropriately. True to the tradition of the historical novel, 'Romola' starts with a 'proem' which doesn't carry us far into the story, but in 'Middlemarch' we get to Dorothea in the first line; it may be recalled, too, that Jane Austen began her famous novel with 'Emma Woodhouse, handsome, clever, and rich.' The death of the old bishop and the discomfiture of his son, the archdeacon, mark the opening of 'Barchester Towers'; 'Jane Eyre' begins with Jane and the shocking family Reed. 'Lord Jim' with a description you could hardly forget of Jim and his early experiences. Such beginnings are natural enough, and 'The Brothers Karamazov' is very much in the Russian tradition with its considerable descripions of characters in the story. 'The Old Wives' Tale' begins with the two sisters and their environment, 'The Man of Property' with the Forsyte family 'in full plumage,' 'Tono-Bungay' with a kind of warning very well in its place in that remarkable novel."

"A grand book

for the private library... done with wit and grace, and without the shoddy vulgarity of the usual popularized science... It is a good book, the best I ever read about men and apes by an anthropologist." — LAURENCE STALLINGS, *N. Y. Sun*

"Professor Hooton wrote his treatise in so entertaining a way that one follows the development of the evolutionary plot with somewhat the same hurry after clues as in a mystery story."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

"Here is the story of human evolution told with authority and sprinkled with wit... Anyone who wishes to become acquainted with the most up-to-the-minute facts will find that this is the one book to read." —*Philadelphia Ledger*

UP FROM THE APE

By EARNEST A. HOOTON

At all bookstores now $5.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY · NEW YORK

General Robert Alexander's

MEMORIES OF THE WORLD WAR

This story is largely that of the 77th Division which Major General Alexander commanded—a full and fearless account of those thrilling, exhaustive, destructive days in which the 77th made such an enviable record: more days in the front line and a further advance than any other National Army unit.

Of special interest is General Alexander's story of the "lost battalion". At all times he emphasizes the human side of the 77th's exploits as well as the military details which will delight the heart of a soldier. $4.00

A Blind Soldier's Story

THE NIGHT'S CANDLES

By RENÉ ROY

"It reveals the mind and heart of a truly noble soul whose story is charmingly written." — *Philadelphia Ledger*. It is "a deeply moving record of personal experience and an inspiring proof of the possibilities attainable 'when a man takes account of all the resources of his being,'" says the *New York Times* $2.00

An Important Reference Work

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR BOOK

For 68 years this has been "the most useful of all the general year-books". Now it is more full, complete, and up-to-date than ever before. Those who need authentic facts on every country in the world will find this work an unfailing source of statistical and historical information. *Probable price* $7.50

THE PROBLEM OF UNEMPLOYMENT

By PAUL H. DOUGLAS and AARON DIRECTOR

"It is a fine book, packed with facts, bristling with challenging theories, informed with large homely doses of common sense. It should be of the greatest practical service to the nation in the turbulent years before us." —STUART CHASE in the *New York Herald Tribune* $3.50

THE NEW NEWFOUNDLAND

By J. R. SMALLWOOD

An up-to-date account of modern Newfoundland which describes its industries, its people, its government and its problems. $3.00

PUBLIC DEBTS AND STATE SUCCESSION

By ERNST H. FEILCHENFELD

This is the first work to treat adequately of the legal history of the treatment of public debts in cases of territorial changes, with a view to determining the positive law and usage on the subject. Published under the auspices of the Bureau of International Research of Harvard University and Radcliffe College. $10.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 60 Fifth Ave. NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Selected by the Literary Guild

"They knew as much and as little of each other as do most brides and bridegrooms."

They knew that their love was great and they took the rest on faith. They did not foresee the test their love would face at the birth of their second child.

DWARF'S BLOOD

By EDITH OLIVIER

Born to Sir Nicholas Roxerby and Alethea: a boy child—beautifully proportioned, supremely gifted, but a dwarf. Into the dramatic story of their married life after the birth of the boy Miss Olivier has written the parable of thousands of young married men and women. With a beauty of style and a gift of narrative she has fashioned a romance for all who "know as little about each other as do most brides and bridegrooms." $2.50

REBECCA WEST says: "We have passed through a land lit by a magic light where those who have dwarfs bodies but great minds cast long shadows as they walk, and those who have strong bodies but little minds have hardly more shadow than they can tread upon."

THE VIKING PRESS

18 East 48th Street New York City

A doctor's guilt . . . . .

"Too daring for Anglo-Saxon taste"—so they labelled it a few years ago when Zweig's fiction masterpiece was first published abroad. Now, with the broadening of *mores*, this novelette is at last presented in its translated form. Under a blazing East Indian sun and under the mysterious moon of the tropical sea is enacted the drama of a man who ran amuck bringing disaster on himself and the woman who had come to him with a daring request. "A gripping story . . . awakens all our sense of wonder and fear. . . From start to finish it rivets your attention . . . plunging breathlessly on."

—*New York Times*. $1.50

AMOK

A Story by STEFAN ZWEIG

18 East 48th Street · THE VIKING PRESS · *New York*

Points of View

New Mexican Spanish

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I should like to invite a consideration of the point involved in Oliver La Farge's suggestion that there is an error in the grammatical form of one of my New Mexico Spanish sentences in "Starry Adventure"; a small point, but leading to a much larger matter. Mr. La Farge may be right. New Mexico Spanish is so little book Spanish that I employed a young woman familiar with it by birth and bringing up, to go over every word of mine and see that it corresponded with the common usage. If she was anywhere in error, I am so much out, and am grateful to Mr. La Farge for calling the matter to my attention.

About the other point raised, whether too many Spanish words were used, there is much to be said. This is practically a bilingual country; courts are conducted and the legislature and, in many towns, public worship, in two languages. Everybody uses more Spanish words than he realizes, especially names of things. My own servants communicate with me in a jargon in which it would be difficult to say whether there is a majority of words from one tongue or the other. Even the best Spanish you hear in New Mexico is interlarded with "Oh, Boy's" and "You Bets," and names of American utilities; there are springing up around us popular songs, mixed of phrases in both languages. But this is singular; there are no more Spanish locutions in New Mexico than there are Negro locutions in the speech of the South, or Yiddish locutions in all our literature dealing with certain sections of New York. Frank Applegate, than whom there has been no more careful student of folk speech in the Southwest, thought that straight English constituted no more than half the local speech, the rest of which was derived from Spanish, Indian, and local occupations. Actually there is much more Spanish in "Starry Adventure" than even Mr. La Farge found in the footnotes; Spanish which has been used so long that few people realize that it is not English: canyon, arroyo, loma, chile, patio, placita, adobe. In deciding which of these should be treated as Spanish and which taken for granted, I was moved by experience of the number of letters I habitually receive from readers demanding to know what a particular word means. Footnotes do seem out of place in a novel, but what else is one to do in a bilingual country? My guess about this situation is that in another fifty years, New Mexican Spanish will be spoken only in remote hamlets, and that the common speech of New Mexico will employ as English at least fifty per cent more Spanish words than it does now. These will be selected chiefly from the list of words describing things for which English has no root words, such as arroyo, canyon, bajada, barranca. The question I wish to raise is: Does not English absorb many such words from other tongues? Do we not, all of us who write away from the centers of English colonization, employ largely hybridized locutions? I am often entertained by editors, practically all of whom have rejected stories of mine written in American Indian dialects, and in their next issue publish stories in dialects from Eastside New York, Michigan, Georgia, or Oklahoma. Isn't it a fact that we are so accustomed to dialects in American fiction that it is only when the speech from which they are derived has a different vowel system or rule of accent, that we notice them as dialects?

This brings me to Mr. La Farge's other comment on my use of Spanish accents. He calls them "lawless," but that is not quite the case. I disregarded the Spanish rule purposely—and against the advice of my paid expert—in order that the fall of the word in the sentence should keep within the writer's original intention to make the rhythm of the words express something of the feeling of the subject. Perhaps I am unduly sensitive to rhythms, but what American pronunciation does to Spanish in the way of misplaced accents is so much more dreadful than anything it does to vowels—and that is bad enough—as for example making *ró-dy-o* out of the long, musical *ro-déy-o*. Whatever a Spanish scholar would make of them, the average American reader is bound to get the stress right according to my accent marks. After all, my allegiance is not to Spanish as such, but to New Mexican Spanish as a potential contribution to American speech.

I am indebted to Mr. La Farge not only for an appreciative and profoundly understanding review, but for making the opportunity for this explanation, which covers a genuine problem of writers in the Southwest and, whether they know it or not, in many other sections of these United States.

MARY AUSTIN.

"Eskimo"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I have just finished reading a truly great book. Because in my own life I have experienced so much of the material out of which this book is fashioned, I think that I can speak, perhaps, with almost legal affirmation in calling the finished work of this man truly great. The book I speak of is "Eskimo," by Freuchen.

For many years I lived in the far North. I have myself known close and dear friends amongst the Eskimo—friends about whose human and delightful qualities my heart-strings knotted tightly, so that to leave and lose them was a bitter pain. For years I have myself been writing of the North, attempting to explain to fellow Americans the richness of the human treasure we possess in these so under-prized Eskimo neighbors. But as I put down Freuchen's book, I knew that here my own dear Muk-pi's people lived again, in real and vivid actual fact. Here is the beauty and the wonder and the power of that High North we Northmen love because we must who know it—the shapes of things, the colors, lights, and shades, changes, surprises.

Have literary critics suffered from some mental gum-disease, that this strong meat of mingled fact and story hasn't as yet been chewed by them with exquisite relish? In "Eskimo" a people are alive. In "Eskimo" one lives again the nomad North. In "Eskimo" the tundras and the ice-fields stretch away, and one again mushes across and back into our own lost Northland racial past—a Beowulf epic of the North, but of the North's today and actual now.

I—who do so love the North and Mala's people who have made the North their own, through exquisite perfected adaptation to its mighty schooling—I wish that all whose hearts are open to a human tale of perfect truth, might read and come to know the great adventure of brotherhood with Mala, and Mala's people.

MARY LEE DAVIS.

Washington, D. C.

Thomas Buchanan Read

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I am seeking some additional information as to Thomas Buchanan Read. When and where did Harriet Dennison Read, widow of Thomas Buchanan Read, die? Did he leave a will? If so, was she the executrix?

What has become of Read's paintings? Are any of them in any of the galleries in this country? Any other information about Read will be greatly appreciated. There are many gaps in the life-facts I have gathered; I shall be grateful for any help I receive.

I. C. KELLER.

California, Pa.

Walt and the Hall of Fame

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I saw Walt's entrance into the Hall of Fame! and for his birthday celebration we picnicked at Glendale. We made for the woods along Timber Creek near Camden, N. J., where he used to sun-bathe and sing. Then we had a programme, and the man who'd bought the Stafford place where Walt used to board in the summer introduced a brass band. We crowded into the little country M. E. church and sat on undertaker's chairs as it was chill and darkling outdoors, and, my God! but the brass band blared in that tiny place, a change from the Gloria trumpeters in their angel robes in the Hall of Fame. Duncan Spaeth read some "Leaves," and so did Harrison Morris, and a man sang "O Captain, my Captain," and we all Star Spangled. Then we ate our box luncheons in the church basement round a wood stove. Some boys were brewing coffee in a wash-boiler out on the next lot over a bonfire. I think Walt must have been on hand, maybe more strongly than at New York University. At the Hall of Fame most of the people were too old and the ladies galoshed and rubbered, they didn't represent Walt's physical ideals at all. It had poured all day, and while Markham was reading his slightly deprecating poem to Walt I slipped away to a cocktail party.

M. V. N. S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

BORN IN CAPTIVITY. By BARBARA STARKE. Bobbs-Merrill. 1931. $3.

Perhaps the most arresting feature of this highly personal document is its point of view. Here a young girl tells simply, and sincerely it seems, the story of her hitch-hiking trip across the continent and back again. There is no apology for and no over-emphasis upon the unusualness of such a journey; no featuring of the dalliance along the way; but also no skimming over the casual encounters and embraces. What waters have flowed under the bridges since Mademoiselle de Maupin went adventuring in pantaloons! "Barbara Starke" is naturalism personified in comparison with the French heroine's perverse romanticism. That a young woman should write so unselfconsciously of such an intimate vagabondage, that the book should be presented without undue publicity, and that it should be quite calmly read or refused upon its intrinsic interest only, gives one happy pause remembering what painful artifices (wasn't a love of cold boiled potatoes at midnight one of them?) "I, Mary Maclane," forced upon herself the better to shock you, my dears, not much longer ago than the length of Barbara Starke's life.

If Barbara Starke has nothing very new or profound to say about the world she passes through, she has much that is gaily personal. She writes crisply and amusingly of the people she meets, and is particularly successful in getting them, complete and lifelike, on to her pages without seeming to write them up at all. She is young, she is interested in life and in the world, and her style is gratifyingly without mannerisms. She meets criminals and Christian Scientists *en route*, and she gives her reactions to both dispassionately. She describes with equal calm the technique of "pulling monkeys" (smuggling Chinese) and dropping them overboard in weighted sacks when the law comes too near a loaded boat, and the home life of western chipmunks. "Born in Captivity" is the record of one girl's rather drastic escape from humdrum; it may serve in that capacity, vicariously, for many others.

Drama

BRASS ANKLE. By DUBOSE HEYWARD. Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.

This should have been a great play, for the subject of miscegenation is laden with as fierce drama as our lives can muster. It might have questioned deeply or answered greatly, or it might simply have told its tale for some full emotional value. But, alas, "Brass Ankle" is no more than a fair play.

In the unadorned situation of a black child born with Mendelian malice to an entirely unsuspecting "white" family the whole cruel, stupid, inert problem is posed with immediate sharpness. A white man and his wife, who had been completely unaware of her mixed blood, suddenly discover themselves parents of a black child. Involved with them is an older child whose skin is quite white. The mother chooses to secure social absolution for this child by letting it appear that she is a white woman whose infidelity with a Negro has resulted in the birth of the black baby and by taking her own life to preserve the fiction. Unfortunately DuBose Heyward never gets down to the essential stuff with which his proposition is packed. Personal tragedy is diluted by inept speeches and silly, unwarranted foreshadowings. Character is excellently sketched, but it is never really developed or used. The force of the action is lost in a too precipitous, unweighted catastrophe which denies the play the momentum it should have had.

Education

INTRODUCTION TO RESEARCH IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By *Homer Carey Hackett*. Macmillan. $2.

ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY. By *Sister M. Eleanore*. Appleton. $3.50.

"VADE MECUM." By *Marque Trayde*. St. Louis: Guild Publishing Co. $1.

Fiction

A JEW IN LOVE. By BEN HECHT. Covici-Friede. 1931. $2.50.

This is the story of a Jew in love—with himself. Abe Nessbaum, whose adopted name of Jo Boshere is rumored to conceal none too darkly that of a certain living person of some prominence, is a successful Jewish publisher in New York City. Outwardly, the book is a narrative of Boshere's various amours in which he betrays wife, friends, and mistresses with impartial caddishness. Fundamentally, however, it is concerned with the man's strange and complex personality. The one necessity of Boshere's nature is self-admiration, but he reaches this always indirectly by basking in the picture of himself, which he has succeeded in creating in the minds of his acquaintances—the picture of a mighty being, a great sensualist and great intellectualist, equally to be admired and feared. His friends must be as absorbed as he in the contemplation of this picture, or they cease to be his friends. They must be caught like flies on fly-paper by the glue which his personality exudes; like a huge slug he leaves a slimy mark on everything he touches or it has no interest for him. The scenes of sensuality in which the book abounds are play-acting for Boshere, of value only as they feed his vanity. He enters with zest into the roles of seducer, rapist, and *voyeur*, but always with the mental looking-glass before him.

Mr. Hecht may be pardoned for disliking his hero; the intensity of his dislike sharpens his always incisive style to a knife-edge; but it also causes him to neglect one factor needed to make Boshere's career entirely credible. One is left at a loss to account for the fascination which the publisher is supposed to exercise. The other characters, male and female, are chiefly cushions, more or less soft, on which the great Boshere reclines, imprinting the outline of his limbs upon them. To be sure, he does meet one woman, as deceitful as he is himself, who temporarily gets the better of him. For a moment it seems as if he might be broken by the experience, but there is nothing there to break. Like a crushed sponge, he begins to expand again at the end of the book and will soon be bloated once more with self-love.

PARADISE CITY. By HENRY CHANNON. Dutton. 1931. $2.50.

Out of Paradise City came four strange lives. The little village lying somnolently beside the hurrying Green River gave birth to restless sons and daughters, and when the river, through its spreading mills, brought money into the town, it brought freedom for these young men and women, and each went on his secret quest. The quiet of Paradise City was shattered, the lawns and trees were gone, industry stalked noisily the streets, but the four were on their way into older worlds, newer worlds to them. "Paradise City" is the tale of their experiences.

There have been many novels since "Main Street" dealing with the effects of the small American town on people who continue to live in it. Mr. Channon has been interested in the ineradicable traits that such a town breeds in its native born, however far they flee. The form of his novel is necessarily loose, starting as it does from a single point but ending, as it must, very much here and there. It is detailed in its telling but never dull; its people are little people, but each of them touches, in some way, greatness; and Mr. Channon makes out of his individuals and their moments a world which lies complete, absorbing, around them.

BUT NOT FOR LOVE. By BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

Beatrice Kean Seymour writes so easily, so entertainingly, and with such flashes of wit that it is difficult in reading to withstand her charm. But when a book is finished, the reader too often wonders if the story, as a whole, deserves the excellent treatment it has received.

It would not be easy to find many pages in "But Not For Love" that would not yield some quick new insight, some felicitous expression of an old idea, or some amusing slant on human nature. Yet who can accept wholeheartedly a heroine whose character so carefuly builded in the first half of the book seems so repudiated in the latter, or accredit the double "Green Hat," ending with its overprepared approach?

The characters are most convincing in their ordinary moments, but when heightened emotions are thrust upon them they lose their natural qualities and overplay their parts. The novel of manners might reach enviable distinction in the hands of Mrs. Seymour if intended tragedy had not for her such irresistible appeal.

Fiction

THE SIXTH JOURNEY. By ALICE GRANT ROSSMAN. Minton, Balch. 1931. $2.

Alice Grant Rossman's name on a novel has come to stand for a very definite thing.

(*Continued on next page*)

Books of Distinction for Discriminating Readers

Awarded the Pulitzer Prize for History

THE COMING OF THE WAR: 1914

by Bernadotte E. Schmitt

editor of "The Journal of Modern History"

"Professor Schmitt's scholarly and exciting volumes constitute the most complete and well-documented account of the immediate antecedents of the war which has yet appeared in any language."—*The Nation.*

Two volumes, boxed, $10.00

THE GRASS ROOF

by Younghill Kang *Third printing*

The autobiography of a young Korean. "A remarkable book . . . as astonishing as 'Kim' was at its first reading."—*Rebecca West.* $3.00

THE WORLD CRISIS

(*One-Volume Edition*)

by Winston S. Churchill, M. P.

"The most interesting of all British war books is that of Winston Churchill. This book, brilliant, vivid, holds the breathless attention of the reader."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

870 pages with maps and plans, $5.00

ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS OF THE ANDES

by Philip Ainsworth Means

"A highly informative book in an easy and charming style. Mr. Means is opening the doors to a fascinating and little-known aspect of the past."—*International Studio*

228 plates, 570 pages, $7.50

THE ANATOMY OF BIBLIOMANIA (Vol. I)

by Holbrook Jackson

"A delightful series of excursions into almost everything connected with the literary field. a literary plum pudding, filled with most delicious bits of information studded with quotations, and replete with quiet laughter."—*Philadelphia Ledger.* $7.50

LIGHT HORSE HARRY LEE

by Thomas Boyd

author of "Mad Anthony Wayne" etc.

"The life of Lee offers the popular historian a splendid opportunity, Thomas Boyd has made the most of it."—*New York Herald Tribune.* $3.50

BURTON: Arabian Nights' Adventurer

by Fairfax Downey

author of "The Grande Turke"

"A thrilling account of one of the most remarkable men that ever lived in this age or any other, admirably done."—*North American Review.*

Illustrated. $3.00

THREE PAIRS OF SILK STOCKINGS

by Panteleimon Romanof

"Romanof's novel is possibly the most important that has recently come out of Russia. Certainly none is more interesting."—*Saturday Review of Literature. Second printing.* $2.50

THESE RUSSIANS

by William C. White

"Unlike anything else in English that has come out of Russia in recent years. In his pages the individual Ivan speaks."—*Review of Reviews.*

Third printing $3.00

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK

Awarded
The John Newbery Medal
as the Best Children's Book for 1930

THE CAT WHO WENT to HEAVEN

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH
Illustrated by LYND WARD

THE little cat, Good Fortune, who walks so softly and meekly through the pages of this book, did indeed bring good fortune to her master, the poor Japanese artist. She has also brought good fortune to her author, for *The Cat Who Went to Heaven* has just been awarded the John Newbery Medal as the best children's book of 1930.

A book for grown-ups as well as boys and girls—the kind of story you must tell your friends about at once. A perfect gift book with its special paper and printing and many striking pictures. Get a copy today at any bookstore. $2.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
New York • Boston • Chicago
Atlanta • Dallas • San Francisco

A Queen Proposed Marriage to a Prince

PRINCE CONSORT

By FRANK B. CHANCELLOR

Intimate glimpses of a royal household

The Prince after saying "Yes" to the proposal; "I am sure heaven has not given me into evil hands."

The Queen "I shall do everything in my power to render this *sacrifice* (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can."

"300 interesting pages"—Van Der Water, New York Evening Post. $5.00

LINCOLN MACVEAGH—THE DIAL PRESS—NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Discriminating Readers

What is the secret..

It is almost impossible, wrote Basil Davenport in the *Saturday Review,* to give an idea of the quality of ROBERT NATHAN'S books to the unfortunate people who have not read them. He is unique. ¶ The essence of his work defies the publisher's advertisement. But if you, reader, have a feeling for the subtleties of literature, for poetic mockery, and the beauty of melancholy, you will be grateful to us for calling your attention to Mr. Nathan's new novel, unquestionably his finest, THE ORCHID. ¶ What is the secret, wrote Davenport, that makes this book so different from all others? Perhaps you can answer him when you have read it. Ask your bookseller for a copy. The price is $2.00.—*The Bobbs Merrill Company.*

THE ORCHID
By Robert Nathan

Memo for a modern

Nine years now since "LADY INTO FOX" and I still know the story by heart. Must get Garnett's latest—"THE GRASSHOPPERS COME"—they say it's even better!

$2 Brewer, Warren & Putnam

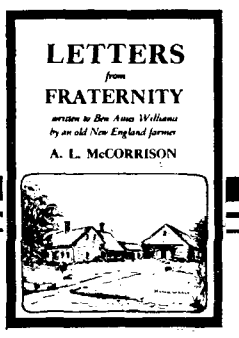
SIXTH SESSION
Bread Loaf Writers Conference
OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
August 19-September 3

A staff of noted authors, critics and editors give advice and criticism to those interested in writing as a profession or an accomplishment. The Staff includes: Hervey Allen, Lee Wilson Dodd, Robert M. Gay, Edith Mirrielees, Theodora Morrison, Gorham Munson and Margaret Widdemer.

Address: HARRY G. OWEN
MIDDLEBURY VERMONT

Monks' Magic $2.
By Alexander Decomeau
Shivers — Horrors — Laughter — Romance —Adventure—Love. The reader who craves excitement and entertainment is sure to like it.
DUTTON - - - - Publishers

How to be rich on nothing a year



Here is a man to whom the world belonged; who wanted nothing he had not, and had nothing he did not want. Yet his taxes were often greater than his total cash income. Here is a human document not unworthy to be ranked with the great diaries and autobiographies of the world's literature—these letters from an old New England farmer to Ben Ames Williams.

LETTERS *from* FRATERNITY
WRITTEN TO BEN AMES WILLIAMS BY AN OLD NEW ENGLAND FARMER
A. L. McCORRISON
DUTTON - - At All Bookstores - - $3

The New Books

(*Continued on page 931*)

This novelist writes books for readers who like an unpretentious story about people one might run across anywhere, told in a chatty, sympathetic manner with enough trials and complications in the lives of the characters to make them companionable. Miss Rossman's books are all optimistic in effect and yet she does not avoid the sins and sorrows of life. But she radiates so much kindliness and humor over the shadowed parts of her world that the result is always on the plus side as it were. She does not make the mistake of saying that this is the best of all possible worlds, but she does believe in viewing it from the best of all possible angles.

"The Sixth Journey" really tells two stories which interlock very neatly in the end. The first concerns itself with the love of two English people returning home after long exile, and the second deals with the unhappy life of an illegitimate child. Both stories are told in the bright, breezy style that is associated with Miss Rossman, and a large number of characters (not too subtly shaded, for this author permits herself a good bit of villainy now and then) keep the plot moving merrily along. And eventually through the crackle of conversation and the culmination of events a very satisfactory close is reached with all the right people happy and most of the wrong ones properly confused.

BOOK OF TISH. By *Mary Roberts Rinehart.* Farrar & Rinehart. $2 net.

STORIES OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND BATTLE. Being Selected Books of *Rafael Sabatini.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

MEMORIES OF THE WORLD WAR. By *Robert Alexander.* Macmillan. $4.

History

ESSAYS IN COLONIAL HISTORY. By Students of CHARLES McLEAN ANDREWS. Yale University Press. 1931. $5.

A collection of scholarly papers published as a tribute to Professor Andrews on his retirement, of which Mr. Pitman's account of the economics of the West India plantations and Mr. Gould's economic causes of the rise of Baltimore are perhaps the most interesting.

Juvenile

THE MERRY MONARCH'S WARDS. By ALINE HAVARD. Appleton. 1931. $2.

From the child's point of view this should prove a satisfactory book. There is adventure enough in every chapter to satisfy the reader who insists upon a liberal sprinkling of thrills. The tale moves rapidly, through the incidents of a simple and more or less plausible plot.

While a child's love of action will be satisfied by "The Merry Monarch's Wards," a parent may be pleased by the historical background of the story, which opens in Scotland, at the time of Charles the Second, and moves on to Virginia. With a sound sense, the author has permitted her Scotch characters to talk in English with only the occasional "dinna ken" and "wee bairn" thrown in. Children seldom find dialect attractive. Even Joel Chandler Harris's stories sometimes bore otherwise intelligent children because of the dialect, which grown-ups find inimitable.

The author describes the Virginia Colony and the Indians with restraint. We are spared war-whoops and scalping parties. Instead we are told that the Chesapeake tribes were on friendly terms with the colonists at the time. The children, too, are more probable than the general run of juvenile heroes and heroines, though they do manage to escape footpads, redcoats, and shipwreck in traditional style.

WANDERING MONDAY and Other Days in Old Bergen. By RAGNHILD CHEVALIER. Illustrated by JAMES L. McCREERY. Macmillan. 1931. $1.75.

In Norway "almost anything may happen," says Miss Chevalier, and before you have finished these stories of Snip, Snap, Snute, of Ola and the Wooden Tub, of Here Lies Ingrid, and Wandering Monday itself, you are quite sure of it. What difference could snow or rain or cloudy days make if one were having such fun as did these little Bergensers in their attic full of rainy day treasures, with skiing, sledding, skating, and always the possibility of a *huldre* or a *nissen?*

It is to be hoped that Miss Chevalier will write more stories as simple, as refreshing, as delightful as these. She has the rare gift of making differences seem not strange but wholly inviting. Norway becomes like the house next door, and Sigrid, Gyda, Finn, and all the rest, children who have just moved in, with whom we are eager to go over and play. We wish writers could do as much for us older folk.

Mr. McCreery's illustrations and decorations add much to a delightful and worth while book.

WAIF-MAID. By MAY McNEER. Macmillan. 1930. $2.50.

On the background of medieval Nürnberg in Dürer's time, the tale of Elsa, the waif-maid, unfolds. The story should be the delight of children. There is certainly enough action: we see Elsa first caught in a storm, seeking her straying friend, Fräulein Bach, a black kitten; and she is also caught by lean dark Grümchen, who is out to find the witch that caused the storm. Elsa's mother, subsequently, is burnt as a witch; but with excellent technique, the author spares us the horror of the execution. Elsa escapes her mother's fate and finds three friends. They are vagrant musicians who take her to Nürnberg, risking their lives in the protection of the witch-maid and her black cat. The child becomes a servant to Dürer's ill-tempered wife. She is snatched from this haven by the implacable Grümchen, and rescued with incredible bravery by her three friends. In the end, Grümchen is utterly confounded, and forbidden to reënter the city. Elsa stays on at Dürer's house, and her three protectors take to the road again.

Medieval Nürnberg is very well drawn. In words and pictures, we are made to see the narrow houses, with their high roofs and dormer windows and jutting upper stories, and the state of the streets with ankle-deep mud or cobblestones. We belong to the colorful crowds, "the stream of people! Turks in turbans, peasants . . . soldiers pompously strutting, maid-servants calling as they scrubbed the already shining steps. . . . Mountebanks capered, gypsies and beggars hurriedly plied their fraudulent trade. . . . Burghers . . . in fur-trimmed doublets and fancy hose, with slashed sleeves and feathers in their hats. . . ." We hear a contest of the Meistersingers, and we make the acquaintance of Hans Sachs. Competent also is the description of the Dürer household, of the artist's gentle character, and his wife's shrewish habits. Children will get a good introduction to his art from the admiring though somewhat tongue-tied Conrad, who tries to explain the pictures to his little friend, Elsa.

In view of so much excellence, is it necessary to call to mind some imperfections? We mention here but one. We might wish that the author had used modern English throughout. The good people of Nürnberg spoke in their time what they considered quite modern German—why make them use ponderous phrases and archaic syntax? The children under fourteen will probably have to run to parents, teachers, and dictionaries to find out what the long words (and some of the short ones) mean.

The illustrations will interest adults—their austere cast and the figures reminiscent of El Greco can hardly be appreciated by children.

A ROUNDABOUT TURN. By ROBERT H. CHARLES. Illustrated by L. LESLIE BROOKE. New York: Frederick Warne & Company. 1930.

Mr. Punch has recently bestowed his paternal blessing upon four of his offspring gone out to try their fortunes in the great world: two volumes of verse and two of prose, their contents culled from Mr. Punch's own pages. "A Roundabout Turn" is one of these pleasant reprints, and we doubt if any one of the other three can be more charming than is this delectable book whose pages lie open before us.

When exceptional illustrator and exceptional versifier put their talents together, a book can be made out of what is on analysis slight stuff. In "A Roundabout Turn" a drawing and two lines of verse set the tone of the piece. At once we know a toad for a hero.

A Toad that lived on Albury Heath
Wanted to see the World.

How a compassionate little girl rescues the hero from a "world inconveniently full of feet" and sets him on the way to discover the roundness of the world by a roundabout turn on the merry-go-round is the jolly tale that only verse and drawing can tell. An unsteady toad intoxicated by the movement and the tune crawls a crooked road home; like the good British toad that he is he must get home to tea. Over his teacup he will tell his provincial Penelope what he has seen and heard.

"Round?" *said he; "you should feel it spin!*
"Roundest place I ever was in! . . .
"Round!" he chuckled; "it's that!
"But it's rather," he said with a knowing wink—
"It's rather a giddy *place, I think.*
"Give me a drop of the dew to drink,
"And give me the Heath;
it's flat!"

THE BOY WHO LOVED FREEDOM. By MARY HAZLETON WADE. Appleton. 1930. $1.75.

Both the events in the life of Thomas Jefferson and the engaging qualities of his character are simply and vividly presented in this biography, which manages to be animated without becoming melodramatic. One sees the future author of the Declaration of Independence at William and Mary, in company not so much with college friends as with acquaintances in Williamsburg, including the youthful Patrick Henry, and is impressed with his personal attractiveness, his love of reading, conversation, society, exercise, and violin playing. His first experience of a definite clash between Virginia and England came when he was twenty years old, and Virginia's position was defiantly set forth by his friend, the unstudious but oratorical Patrick Henry. From this time on Jefferson's thoughts and activities were to be concerned with the approaching struggle or with its momentous consequences, but the pages which detail his career depict also his life at home. The youthful reader gains an idea of what living on a plantation was like and finds himself associating with the sisters and other kinsfolk of the budding statesman. He accompanies him to Philadelphia in a chaise and acquires a keen sense of the difference in travel then and now. He beholds him bringing his bride to Monticello in a storm so heavy that the Negroes had not supposed they would brave it and hence had made no preparations for them in the brick cottage which had been built after the fire which had destroyed the homestead. Jefferson's part in the framing of the Declaration of Independence is told without concealment of the fact that his draft of the document was revised. There are echoes of the military movements of the Revolution, and once the British troops enter the scene when Tarleton heads a raid which forces Jefferson and his family to flee from Monticello. During this excitement he is serving his second term as Governor of Virginia, having been elected first in 1779, not 1781, as the chapter entitled "Troublous Times" has it.

While there is a tendency in the book to look at Jefferson's ideas and actions through his own eyes, no great harm is done by this very natural attitude. One is surprised, however, at the sentence: 'In the minds of most people today Thomas Jefferson stands next to George Washington, and in some respects even above him, as a statesman and director of the affairs of his country." Some youthful readers may wonder where this leaves Lincoln. But all of them will be rightly impressed with Jefferson's abilities and integrity and with his services not to political freedom alone but also to religious liberty and to education.

VIRGINIA AND THE MASON BEE. By JAMES BAYARD CLARK. Dutton. 1931.

A combination of Alice-in-her-sleep (here called Virginia) and some natural bee history. Inconsequential but clearly and pleasantly done.

THE GLORY OF GLENWOOD. By EARL REED SILVERS. Appleton. 1931. $2.

Practically nothing but school sports and loyalty.

(*Continued on page 934*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A. *R. K., West Hartford, Conn.,* says that in preparing for a study course on contemporary literature of Continental Europe her club has bought, on my recommendation, "Living Authors," lately published by the H. W. Wilson Company, and asks for help in selecting writers and their most important works. Not so long ago that its information is out of date, I made a list of this sort which was printed by the Indiana Library Association, and a copy will be sent, as it has been to this inquirer, to interested readers as long as the supply lasts. I am glad to strengthen even more my recommendation of "Living Authors"; I have been testing it over and again since first I spoke of it, and find it has precisely the sort of information for which clubs, newspaper offices, and inquiring families are in search, and its brief biographies with unusual portraits range the literature of the world to-day. Whatever other reference book you have, you can still use this.

BY this time the mystery of the "novel by an English author" is no more a mystery to the Montclair Public Library or to this department. *The Public Library of Toronto, Canada; Lucy E. Osborne, Williamstown, Mass.;* the *Bronxville Public Library, N. Y.; P. J. B.'s Bookshop, Centerville, Mass.,* and *Adams Bookstore, Fall River, Mass.,* told me by the first possible mail that it was "The Unearthly," by Robert Hichens, published by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation in 1926; *A. C. D.* added that the "suburban town" was Canterbury; *M. J.,* that it ran in the *Ladies' Home Journal* in 1926; *E. M. H., Fultonville, N. Y.,* remembered the title as "The Unknown," by Hichens; *H. R. F., Baltimore, Md.,* could recall neither title nor author but told the plot straight through to show she remembered that. But on the other hand, not only *M. G. P. C., Pelham, N. Y.,* says it was written by Basil King and first appeared in "some woman's magazine here about five years ago," but *R. T. S., Toledo, Ohio,* says it is Basil King's "The Unearthly," which ran serially in the *Ladies' Home Journal* in 1926. By the time this gets into print there will be, at this rate, a stack of replies; will the senders please accept this acknowledgment in advance?

I like this sort of a call; most of these responses carried postscripts with messages of such kindness that I hasten to try it again; a correspondent asks the name of *the novel by H. G. Wells in which a man riding along a country road falls off into the fourth dimension,* and I have kept him waiting far too long because I don't remember it offhand and the prospect of reading through the entire output of post-war Wellsian fiction makes my stout spirit quail.

L. T., Philadelphia, Pa., asks for "rather a complete list of books on marionettes, from the simplest to the more elaborate, also including their history." The inquirer has Edith Flack Ackley's "Marionettes" (Stokes) and has found it a fine book for beginners.

"MARIONETTES," by E. F. Ackley, is indeed good, and one of the easiest; another for beginners, for even little children to use, is "Puppet Plays for Children," by Florence Everson (Beckley). M. O. Walter's "Puppet Plays for Home and School" (Dodd, Mead) is another for the use of young performers; it shows also how to build a theatre and arrange stories for performance. Catherine Reighard's "Plays for People and Puppets" (Dutton) gives excellent little plays—some of honored position in dramatic history—suited for production either by the children themselves or by puppets that they can make. "The Book of Marionette Plays" (Greenberg), by Tony Sarg and Anne Stoddard, has five plays, instructions for making the figures, and directions for manipulating them, and a section on Tony Sarg's Toy Theatre, with plays for it. "The Tony Sarg Marionette Book," by F. J. McIsaac (Huebsch), was one of the first of these puppet books to appear. The most comprehensive book for the general reader in America on the history of marionettes in America is Madge Anderson's "Heroes of the Puppet Stage" (Harcourt, Brace), which introduces our enthusiasts to the classics of Italy and England as well as giving them an inspiring run through puppet literature. An earlier history of marionettes is in Helen H. Joseph's "Book of Marionettes" (Huebsch), which includes descriptions of stage and performers. If I were getting but one book, and wished as much detailed information as I could get for the use of a director of these and kindred entertainments, I would get "Marionettes, Masks and Shadows," by W. H. Mills and L. M. Dunn (Doubleday, Doran), a large book that gives its first part to puppets and their working, the second to the construction and use of masks and the use of music, pantomime, and dancing with masks, and the third to the making of shadow plays that use either cut-outs or the human figure. If I were going into all this in a serious way, as this inquirer seems to be, I could not stop short of the "Repertory of Marionette Plays," edited by Paul McPharlin (Viking); this has fourteen famous plays of undisputed merit and historic importance, such as "Doctor Faustus" and "The Death of Tintagiles," material on the history of the art, useful selective book-lists, and, as a special feature for the producer or devotee, a list of marionette play producers in England and in the United States. And if you think these books are all there will be this year, you're wrong.

M. L. B., Auburn, N. Y., asks for books on economic and social conditions in Austria since the war.

THERE is a quite little book, "Newest Europe," by Martin McLaughlin (Longmans, Green), that I have found helpful for a quick dip into present-day facts; it describes the political situation today of France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Spain, the Balkans, Poland, and Central Europe briefly but so one gets an idea of the new alignments and exigencies. "A Wayfarer in Austria," by G. E. R. Gedye (Houghton Mifflin), is an admirable guidebook for reading or travel use; it takes one through the country nowadays, sensibly and sympathetically. Clara Laughlin's "So You're Going to Germany and Austria" (Houghton Mifflin) is on the familiar practical model of this series, of which it is the latest.

"The Collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire," by Edmund von Glaise-Horstenau (Dutton), is I. F. D. Morrow's translation of the important work, "Die Katastrophe," the story of events leading up to the smash of the empire in the World War, but dealing especially with 1916-1918. "The Collapse of Central Europe," by Karl Friedrich Nowak (Dutton), came out here in 1924; it has an introduction by Viscount Haldane. Oszkar Jaszi's "Dissolution of the Habsburg Monarchy" (University of Chicago) is concerned with the break-up of what was ten distinct nationalities welded into one state, and in studying the causes and conditions throws light on the problems and limitations of a super-state. Leo Pasvolsky's "Economic Nationalism of the Danubian States" (Macmillan) is a thorough-going study of economic conditions in Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and Rumania. Then there is the "Austrian Year Book," published by the Pressedienst, Vienna, and in case anyone should ask me for Austrian fiction, besides referring him to Arnold Zweig, Stefan Zweig, Felix Salten, Arthur Schnitzler, and others well represented in American translations, I would tell him of "Selected Austrian Short Stories" (Oxford University Press), which go from Grillparzer to Bahr.

H., Berkeley, Cal., asks if a list dealing with machines and machinery would make too great a demand on our patience or space.

NOT if, as I take for granted, this means books on the machine in industry, or what we call, in a curious spirit of defeatism, the "machine age." For we have had machines of one sort or another ever since we were men; the only distinctive feature of our present state is that we have now decided that the machines run us, and machines don't run us unless we let them. Having got this out of my system, I can proceed with a selection of ten books of varying types in which our time is considered in this aspect. If but one of the ten, let it be Stuart Chase's "Men and Machines" (Macmillan), because it presents both sides beautifully. "Toward Civilization" (Longmans, Green), a symposium edited by Charles A. Beard; Michael Pupin's "Romance of the Machine" (Scribner); "Our Changing Civilization," by J. H. Randall (Stokes); "Machine Made Man," by Silas Bent (Farrar & Rinehart); "Dance of the Machines," by Edward O'Brien (Macaulay); "My Philosophy of Industry," an interview with Henry Ford (Coward-McCann); "Moving Forward," by Henry Ford and Samuel Crowther (Doubleday, Doran). For the steps in the process, "History of Mechanical Inventions," by A. P. Usher (McGraw-Hill). For poems in the rhythms and spirit of the subject, "Machinery," by MacKnight Black (Liveright). Possibly by this time the reader may feel that the eleventh book might well be something by Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. I say this because some time since, an exhausted reader advised this department that one more book on the machine age and he would curl up and die.

ANOTHER bit of advice on old maps from the William L. Clements Library, Ann Arbor, Mich.:

> Referring to the inquiry as to a collection of colored maps showing the early known world with monsters, etc., we have recently prepared a series of photostats of such maps for a few schools in this state. These have been made from the originals in this library. If there were any demand for this kind of material, it would be an easy matter to have them reproduced in considerable quantity by the offset process. I fear I cannot agree with you that in Fite and Freeman's "Book of Old Maps," the maps are "perfectly reproduced." We can do much better than that.

With this came a booklet, "The Whys and Wherefores of the William L. Clements Library," with photographs of three fine maps and several famous title-pages from books in this remarkable collection, also their pamphlet, "Bicentennial Notes on George Washington," issued by the Michigan Commission and containing interesting facsimiles of manuscripts. In connection with this impending celebration I have one thought to throw out in advance: if things go on as they seem headed to go, by the first of next June every schoolchild in this fair land will blanch at the name of George Washington. *L. W. M., Shreveport La.,* asks for my "list of best literature for children under adolescent age." I haven't made one; the nearest I ever came to it was when in the opening chapter of my "Adventures in Reading" (Stokes) I set down the names of the books I took for granted had been read by the age of sixteen. What the inquirer has in mind is evidently the list prepared by Anne Carroll Moore in the course of an admirable paper on children's reading included in "Children's Books in the United States," published by the American Library Association, Chicago, for thirty-five cents. *This is a list of 150 American and fifty foreign books most gladly read by American children in our public libraries. S. T. B., Balard Vale, Mass.,* tells the inquirer for the Morley playlet in which Shakespeare visits the theatre that "three or four years ago the *S.R.* published a Morley skit in which Shakespeare comes back to earth and buys himself a modern suit of clothes on Broadway. The dialogue is between Shakespeare and the salesman, one using words in their Elizabethan sense and the other in one."

1931 years of the most

"Constantine characteristically put off baptism until already on his deathbed... He refused to take advantage of the sacrament until every chance of sinning was over."

"Henry IV, the most powerful king in Europe, clad only in a coarse woolen shirt and barefoot, was kept shivering in the snow outside a castle gate by Pope Hildebrand for three whole days."

"In the Thirty Years War Magdeburg was sacked by Catholic troops . . . More than 6,000 bodies were thrown into the river Elbe before the streets could be made passable."

"For teaching that the earth moves around the sun, Galileo was forced to recant and ordered to repeat the seven penitential psalms once a week for three years."

"Certain writings which are now almost completely forgotten—for instance the *Epistle of Barnabas,* the *Shepherd of Hermas,* and the *Acts of Paul and Thecla*—were for a long while ranked as Scripture and included in the Church ritual."

"The Pagans began to blame the Christians for everything. As Tertullian complained: 'If the Tiber rises as high as the city walls, if the Nile fails to flood the fields, if the heavens give no rain, if there is an earthquake, a famine, or a pestilence, straightway the cry is, "The Christians to the lions."'"

"William Miller, a Baptist farmer from Vermont, on the basis of calculations from the book of Daniel arrived at the conclusion that the world would come to an end in 1843... But still the world continued. On re-examining his calculations he discovered that he had erred by one year and that the Second Coming of Christ was really scheduled for 1844."

years of the most curious and dramatic chapters in all history—the story of the origin, the peculiar growth and the amazing vagaries of the Christian church—taken from authentic records and presented in a swift-moving, interesting narrative by

LEWIS BROWNE

SINCE CALVARY

***By the author of* THIS BELIEVING WORLD**

All the significant incidents are set down, all the influential figures delineated, and all the social and economic movements analyzed with Lewis Browne's flair for condensation and brilliant writing. He makes history as dynamic as the daily paper.

At All Bookstores Tuesday $3.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ 60 Fifth Avenue ~ NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page 932*)

PASTIMES AND SPORTS FOR BOYS. By G. GIBBARD JACKSON. Illustrated by PETER T. JACKSON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1931. $2.

PASTIMES AND SPORTS FOR GIRLS. By MABEL KITTY GIBBARD. Illustrated by PETER T. JACKSON. The same.

Following the two hobby books which were published last year, come "Pastimes and Sports for Boys" and "Pastimes and Sports for Girls," by the same authors. In these days of highly organized play, such books are heaven-sent to teachers, librarians, and parents. A point which the authors bear in mind, and a good one, is the fact that they remember at all times that many persons have small incomes for this type of pleasure. They suggest most economical ways and means to which any boy or girl may attain. The books deal with material for not only boys and girls but for their seniors.

"Pastimes and Sports for Boys" is an attractively bound volume with an engaging jacket which sets forth in thirty-seven chapters instruction in and information on a variety of subjects. The subjects, treated as they are, in a decidedly person-to-person manner include such things as model railways, radio, puppet shows, swimming, skating, boxing, exercises, airplanes, architecture, locomotives, and a great many more. Enough certainly to appeal to a whole schoolful of boys of widely divergent tastes. An easy style and abundant illustrative material quicken the interest of the book to a large extent.

"Pastimes and Sports for Girls" like its companion volume, has a similarly attractive make-up. It comprises forty-five chapters which are, too, interspersed abundantly with illustrations. The author being an accomplished expositionist, if we may use the word, talks to her readers in a straightforward manner which cannot fail to be engrossing because of its simplicity. Her subjects number among them the conducting of clubs; the keeping of pets; games, indoor and out, such as ball, hare and hound, archery, shadow shows; the taking and printing of pictures; rug and basket making; papier mâché work; and recipes for sweets. Perhaps the most amazing chapter is the one devoted to "A New Use for Old Gramaphone Records." It certainly should prove popular in these days of a-radio-in-every-home, as the census probably had it!

Both authors have a pleasing method of presentation and knowledge of a wide and varied scope. Their love of nature, of animal life, and their human understanding make their books alive. Both these volumes, like their companion-predecessors, will be enjoyed by boys and girls alike for the most part. They are invaluable as reference, and would prove an asset to the home, as well as to the school library.

NANCY GOES CAMPING. By JEAN HENRY LARGE. Appleton. 1931. $1.50.

About a Girls Scout expedition in northern California, with a good deal of authentic detail and a pleasant time had by all. Another wholesome book of none too individual adventure, or what counted as adventure for the girls. Pleasantly instructive.

SQUEEZE PLAY. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. Appleton. 1931. $2.

DANBY'S ERROR. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. Cosmopolitan. 1931. $1.50.

The first of these volumes contains baseball and boys, the second football and more boys. But "Danby's Error" also contains a rather nice bit of humanity in the protection of the much tormented younger Cyril by the almost grown-up Hugh. Mr. Barbour writes so ably that it is a real shame that he insists upon forever skimming over the surface. There must be living waters beneath, granted a gathering together of boys!

THE MERRY BALLADS OF ROBIN HOOD. By LAURABELLE DIETRICK, assisted by JOSEPH FRANZ-WALSH. Macmillan. 1931. $1.35.

An assistant professor of English at the University of Southern California has been assisted by a poet and scholar in selecting seventeen of the famous old ballads concerning Robin Hood and connecting them by brief prose in the style of the period to form a connected narrative concerning the famous outlaw. Satisfactory illustrations are furnished by Edna Reindel, and the whole story of Robin Hood is now made available to children as it was actually set forth by minstrels and set down in the ballad books of Percy, Ritson, and Evans.

Foreign

LE RETOUR À L'INNOCENCE. By RENÉ GOLDSTEIN. Paris: La Renaissance du Livre. 1931.

Il faut cultiver notre jardin and do it ourselves. If we don't, the serpent, alias tedium, will get us. That is as old as the race, but M. Goldstein has tricked out the demonstration with delightful fancy and humor. Weary of post-bellum debauch, an ex-soldier turns Don Quixote and leads four companions back to Eden. His faith keeps their courage alive, and they actually discover the Garden, unchanged since Adam's time, except that the forbidden tree and the tempter are missing. Before entering, the little company must discard, along with their garments, all hypocrisy. There results such unedifying mutual confession that they are ready to fly at each other's throats. But Eden brings oblivion, and idyllic happiness ensues—for a time. Then effortless bliss palls, and although warned by a nightmare of what awaits them, they return to our corrupt society. Candide could not remain in Eldorado, and Josiah Royce has told us why: "The best possible world for a moral agent is one that needs him to make it better."

Miscellaneous

SAIL HO! By GORDON GRANT. Farquhar Payson. 1931. $5.

A beautiful publication, designed throughout by the well-known artist, Gordon Grant, even to the sail-cloth cover. The subtitle of the volume is "Wind Jammer Sketches Alow and Aloft," and the book is dedicated to the unknown sailor. C. Fox Smith, a famous poet of the sea, writes the foreword. This is clipper-ship stuff of the old days, and from personal observation in the past, Gordon Grant depicts the life of such a ship with an unusually dexterous pencil and pithy commentary. All enamoured of the days of sail will certainly wish to possess this volume. It is the authentic thing.

"GIMME": A Complete Story of New York Graft. By EMANUEL H. LAVINE. Vanguard. 1931. $2.50.

A detailed inside account of what is going on in grafting circles in New York today. The book is good journalism and as instructive as it is depressing.

SECRET TREASURE: Hidden Riches of the British Isles. By A. HYATT VERRILL. New York: Appleton. 1931. $2.50.

Anecdotes drawn from fact of treasures found or supposed to exist in the British Isles, with interesting details as to the archæological treasures discovered in the search for buried gold.

Philosophy

WORKS OF ARISTOTLE TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH. Edited by W. D. Ross. Volume III. Oxford University Press. 1931. $7.

The complete works of Aristotle in this Oxford edition, begun under a bequest from Jowett, are now available. Volume III contains Meteorologica, De Mundo, De Anima, Parma Naturalia, and De Spiritu.

THE MEANING OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. By MARTIN W. PECK, M.D. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

While it is no longer true that of the making of books on psychoanalysis there is no end—for the first wave of enlightenment has satisfied the demand—the making of serviceable books on this topic has not proceeded far; the propagandist spirit has too much dominated. Dr. Peck's book is in the serviceable class. It is quite definite in its plan and successful in execution. That plan includes an historical account of how Freudianism came to be, of how definitely it involves a type of psychology as well as a form of treatment. The clinical material is amplified and illustrated by typical cases. It is all contained in reasonable compass, is direct and well proportioned.

As to point of view, the out-and-out Freudian will regard it as moderate, the reservedly Freudian critic as exceeding the warrant of the data on many a page; yet Dr. Peck aims at a tempered acceptance of the Freudian structure. For the lay reader whose primary purpose is to spend a brief session in the Freudian atmosphere, understand the origin of the system, and visit a clinic by way of the printed page, this is an available means to that end.

Poetry

COMPLETE WORKS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON. Covici-Friede. 1931. $3.50.

This is the first trade edition of the complete translation from Villon of J. U. Nicolson. The poems are translated into a colloquial English freely representing the raciness of the original.

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins & Gilbert M. Troxell.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

Miscellany

THE Michigan Commission on the Washington Bicentennial has just issued No. 1 of "Bicentennial Notes on George Washington." It is a small, blue-paper covered pamphlet containing reproductions of two of Washington's letters, as well as other Washingtoniana, and notes by R. G. A., Rupert Hughes, and Allen French, on phases of Washington's career. It is a remarkably interesting little booklet, but we are a bit shocked at "Weem's" for "Weems's."

The Stephen Daye Press at Brattleboro, Vermont (Messrs. Crane and Orten), announce the immediate publication of the —Green Mountain Series, edited by the Commission on Vermont Traditions and Ideals, headed by Professor Arthur Wallace Peach of Norwich University. There will be four volumes: "Vermonters, a Book of Biographies"; "Vermont Prose"; "Vermont Verse"; "Vermont Folksongs and Ballads." The volumes will retail at $1.50 each. This publishing venture seems to me a very much worth while enterprise, especially as the books may be assumed to have somewhat more than ordinary typographic excellence. If more "presses" would devote their energies to such specialized publishing as this, and do the printing well, they would have much more *raison d'être*.

Lewis McKensie Turner, of the Salt House Press at Baltimore, is preparing to issue "Vox Populi," the "first aerial drama" of 150 pages in an edition of 250 copies. He has sent out a prospectus containing examples from the drama.

R.

A Meredith Catalogue

A Catalogue of the Altschul Collection of George Meredith in the Yale University Library. Privately printed. 1931.

IN another issue of this Review there has has appeared a consideration of Mr. Altschul's collection of Meredith, recently presented to the Yale University Library, done by one not so intimately connected with the library as are the two conductors of this column. But good work knows no bounds of time or place, and I shall take the liberty of commenting on the printing of the volume here.

It is a tall octavo, printed on a soft, laid, deckle edge paper, which takes the type beautifully. The type is Oxford, an early nineteenth century face of much attractiveness, and of just enough archaic quality to lend itself exceptionally well to such a book. But it is withal a clear and readable letter. There is good contrast between the subject entries and the notes—a point often overlooked in bibliographical printing, and there is no elaboration of indentions—which ruins most bibliographies without aiding the reader.

There are two points in which the book could have been bettered: the running heads might advantageously have indicated the main subject divisions of the catalogue, and I am inclined to believe that deckle edges are always out of place in a book of reference. On the other hand, the type is small enough to admit of much matter on the page, a desideratum in bibliographies.

The binding is in marbled paper boards, with black cloth back with label.

The book has been printed by Mr. Updike at the Merrymount Press, and is a good example of his very efficient and common-sense printing.

R.

An American Engraver

SIDNEY LAWTON SMITH, Designer, Etcher, Engraver. With extracts from his Diary and a Check-list of his Bookplates. Boston: C. E. Goodspeed & Co. 1931. $50.

SIDNEY LAWTON SMITH was born in Foxboro, Mass., in 1845, and died in 1929. A modest, shy artist, his work was known and cherished by the few who take note of really fine work in America, but his achievement was not exploited and the man himself scarcely known. This monograph will serve as a permanent record of the man and his work.

Sidney Smith began his artistic career as a workman in Reuben Carpenter's engraving establishment in Boston at the age of eighteen. What he learned there in the way of sound craftsmanship must have been of inestimable value to him throughout his life: there is a sound workmanlike quality about his work which stamps him as a competent craftsman. If not a great artist (for that is genius and cannot be learned in any shop), he at least knew his trade—a trade dependent upon skill of hand and accuracy of intention. One can better appreciate such qualities today, because they are supposed to be outmoded and replaced by slovenly drawing and nasty mechanical reproductive processes. Yet in the welter of half-baked "illustration" and photographic copying, it must be remembered that engraving on metal or wood, and, secondarily, etching, are still superior to any quicker processes.

That Smith was not essentially a great draftsman may easily be ascribed to his time and his birthplace: New England has not been strong in that product, nor is a Quaker heritage likely to produce Holbeins or Dürers or Angelos. There is, however, in his work a simplicity and a charm, a trim sufficiency for the purpose which is a characteristic of New England that seems to me of the order of genius.

The well-known bookplate for Mr. Daniel B. Fearing is a case in point: the American Antiquarian Society plate is another. The practical utility of the bookplate, as well as the opportunity for saying what has to be said in succinct but decorative form, appealed to Sidney Smith. And these *ex libris* also challenged his imagination and his inventiveness. The intricate and endlessly varied borders, the multiplicity of *motifs*, and most of all the complete assurance with which they are carried out, attest the man's command of his subject and of his medium.

The present volume deals with his life in brief—an uneventful life, influenced by John LaFarge with whom he worked for a time, by a cheerful and self-reliant disposition, and by a constant love of nature—and primarily with his bookplate designs. Of the latter there are thirty-one plates reproduced, and a check-list of two hundred and thirty-one examples. There is a brief appreciation of Smith's work by Gardner Teall.

The volume on the physical side is one of the pleasantest examples of the work of the Merrymount Press which I have seen for some time. It is a small octavo of some hundred and forty pages, set in an authentic Scotch Roman type of small size, well leaded—an impeccable type face for such a book. The paper is an English handmade of delightful texture, thinness and color. A touch of decorative quality is lent by the use of Lutetia type for title-page, running heads, and chapter heads, and by a printed pattern paper on the cover.

The thirty-one plates "reproduced" are really printed from the original etched or engraved plates of the bookplates shown. Such a process is costly and almost luxurious—but gives an authenticity to the illustrations which would be unobtainable by any other method. Such a book, so illustrated, though it is modest enough in appearance, at once becomes a genuinely fine piece of book-making. It possesses those three desiderata (quite as important in printing as in the writing of English), clearness, force, and elegance. It is a fitting tribute to a good workman.

One hundred and fifty copies only have been printed, and as a check-list of Smith's work as well as an appreciation of probably the foremost American artist in his field during the last half century it is an invaluable addition to the artistic history of America.

California Again Dissents

MARK TWAIN records, in "Pudd'nhead Wilson's Diary," that it is well that men differ in their opinions, for it is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this difference of opinions which produces horse races. Wishing to be clever, in a recent review I quoted Horace Walpole's card of admission to his garden, and I inadvertently made some remarks about dogs and children in gardens. I am properly repaid for my temerity in the following letter from an apparently long suffering Californian—though what she suffered from seems to have been bibliomania rather than children and dogs! I think that there will be sympathetic readers:

"So Mr. Walpole's pitiable prohibitions have been imprinted in Fournier on dampened hand-made paper! 'Persons are desired not to bring children with them,' reads the admission card to Strawberry Hill.

"As a young collector's wife who has borne much, I protest! I, who have given up a new hat for a Doves Press "Areopagitica" and my bluest delphiniums for a bouquet for teacher! Such an alliance deserves no place among collectors' items. Sophistication, indeed!—and small feet and barking dogs, indeed again!

"For gardens are no more evidences or testimonies to sophistication than are collectors' items. Rather are they testimonies to naïve, unquenchable enthusiasm and watchful waiting; that is, if one can judge from the best and least known collectors, Mr. A. Edward Newton and the husband of the protestor, which should be pretty typical.

"Very recently (in an entrancing garden, too, by the way, on the Arroyo Seco in Pasadena) I had an opportunity to meet and observe Mr. Newton. Who finds himself doing much of anything else after meeting Mr. Newton, even those less prone to observe merely than the wife of the least known collector? If all observers on all occasions were to search their minds honestly for an analogy to that exuberant fount, it would be a small boy telling his mother about the successful swap of one unsocial brown rabbit for a pair of pink-eyed white pigeons that eat out of your hand.

"Now take that garden; an English, eighteenth century garden, or, of you will, a California garden, survival of one of those hybrids called 'Monterey,' resulting when New England sea captains sailed round the Horn to hunt the sea otter, and stayed to build white picket fences beside a blue bay. It blooms prodigiously! Weeds to be sure often flaunt woody limbs at the back of the least known collector as he trudges up to the Huntington Library on the hill above his home of a Saturday afternoon; and dogs will bury bones. But if small feet are heedless, small hands are helpful. Plants must like their gentle touch, besides. The scabiosa, for instance, envy of veteran flower growers, were all stuck in the ground by the hands of a five-year-old, while the wife of the young bibliophile hied herself gratefully to other tasks. As for dogs—who wouldn't delight in the sight of one bounding down a green stretch of lawn after a ball thrown by a lusty seven-year-old, would probably think an iron stag would animate the rhododendrons.

"The life of a rose is but a day,—tee-ah, tee-ah; yet no child dared pick a flower in Walpole's garden—'a mere twenty-three acres.' Oh, Sirs, have you never thrilled to pluck the tender violet from its stem?—Yet Walpole left it to the horny-handed gardener!

"Devious logic—and anything will grow in California? Eh, well, bibliophiles and childless gardens; it is, at least, to shake the head. Walpole may have had no aphes on his roses, but neither were there fairies in his snap dragons.

"Mrs. D. J.

"San Marino, California."

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE: A BIBLIOGRAPHY. By B. D. CUTLER. New York: Greenberg. 1931.

THE WRITINGS OF ALFRED EDGAR COPPARD. By JACOB SCHWARTZ. London: Ulysses Bookshop. 1931.

IT must be apparent, even to the least interested, that the development of book-collecting as a serious occupation has at last brought firmly to the attention of publishers a kind of extraordinary book known as a bibliography. For a long time, this word implied a list, distinctly abbreviated in form, made up of authors' last names, followed by titles that might or might not agree exactly with anything: such efforts were usually to be found at the conclusion of volumes of history where their appearance, under a heading of "Works Consulted," created a final impression of learning and industry. Occasionally, extremely popular authors who had been dead for some time were given the honor of a book devoted entirely to their published writings, but in general it was felt that only incunabula deserved to have detailed descriptions. It is astonishing to observe the changes of the last few years—now everyone, even authors whose labors seem still unfinished—is studied and described with a minuteness that would have been incomprehensible in the past century; biographical facts are discovered in poems and novels; and different kinds of bindings are discussed with energy and enthusiasm. Book collecting has progressed from the simplicity of individual knowledge to the complicated exactness of a science.

The two bibliographies named above, appearing almost simultaneously, are clearly the results of a general interest in "esteemed" modern writers. Sir James M. Barrie it is always difficult to think of as a novelist: his plays, associated for years with the beloved Miss Maude Adams, have rather eclipsed the earlier stories of "The Little Minister," "Tommy and Grizzel," and "The Little White Bird," and yet, as Mr. B. D. Cutler points out, his prose was incessantly pirated by several American firms during the eighteen-nineties, and is kept in print by his authorized publishers. Mr. Cutler's book is an excellent piece of work—he has been careful to make sure of his facts; he has used a clear form of presentation; and his collations and notes are well done, especially those notes devoted to the methods of the American pirate publishers. No one before has attempted to deal adequately with this subject—Rudyard Kipling, who apparently suffered most heavily at their hands merely raged, while his bibliographers, Mrs. Livingston and Captain Martindell, were satisfied to include his stolen editions in their books without further comment. Mr. Cutler has accomplished much in making evident the importance of studying thoroughly the entire field of American publishing: in this volume he has made a contribution to the subject of the greatest interest.

Mr. Schwartz's book on A. E. Coppard has no real reason for existing after all. Mr. Coppard continues to write constantly, and to publish his stories, so that, unless a series of supplements is to be issued from time to time, there appears to be no especial need for codifying him at the moment. Presumably, one may hope that the greater part of his work remains to be done. There seems to be something a little foolish about devoting much time to any author whose literary career is still going on—his reputation may vanish; his work may become entirely commonplace and trivial. Critical judgments change, and no one can be sure of immortality in English literature. To mention this is not to condemn Mr. Schwartz's work—it is entirely acceptable in every way, and will undoubtedly be invaluable to Mr. Coppard's admirers—but to question mildly the use to which he has put so much time and energy. Mr. Coppard himself has contributed to the volume a brief autobiography, and has added notes to each of his books, explaining the circumstances of their publication, and adding a few bitter comments on the reviews he has received at various times. It is interesting to have so frank an expression of an author's attitude, even though it may not help to increase the affection one would expect to feel for him.

One of the most interesting objects recently to appear at Sorteby's was a French illuminated manuscript, dating from about the year 1,400. This particular manuscript is of the monk, Pierre Berchoire's French version of Livy. It belonged to, and bears the name of, the famous Burgundian General, Antoine, Comte de la Roche en Ardenne, known as Le Grand Bâtard le Bourgogne, who was born in 1421 and died in 1504. The manuscript is in a magnificent state of preservation, and is not only very beautifully written, but is remarkably finely illuminated by two different artists, one rather more accomplished than the other, but both possessing a high degree of skill.

Counter Attractions

STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICESNEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS ::

BARGAIN OFFERS

20% DISCOUNT SALE. DAUBER & PINE BOOK SHOPS offer their Entire Stock of New, Old, and Rare Books, already drastically reduced in Price, at an additional 20% Discount on all cash-purchases. Collectors, Librarians, and Booklovers in General should not miss this Great Opportunity to pick up Desirable Books at Lowest Prices in Years. Visit our Attractive Shop (open until 10 P. M.) or write for free Catalogues. Following Items, picked, at random, have the Discount already deducted on Cash-orders. Carriage extra. Money refunded if not satisfied. Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh, Great English Critic, 2 volumes ($10.00), $3.20—Wiener, Anthology of Russian Literature (Part 2, 19th Century), ($3.00), 80 cents—Tom Brown, Amusements Serious and Comical, Illustrated, Quarto, ($10.00), $3.00—Baudelaire, Translated by Arthur Symons, Complete, Limited, Casanova Society, ($12.00), $4.80—Sparling, The Kelmscott Press and William Morris, Illustrated, ($6.50), $3.00—Fairies Up-to-Date, Illustrated by De Bosschere, $1.00—Book of Antiques, Profusely illustrated, ($6.00), $2.40—Notes on Joseph Conrad by Arthur Symons, Limited, Autographed by Symons, ($10.00), $2.20—Hackney, Guide-Post to Chinese Paintings, Illustrated, Quarto, ($7.50), $3.00—Plays of Turgenev, 2 volumes, ($4.00), $1.40—Willis, Bibliophily or Booklove, 40 cents—Thoreau, The Moon, Beautifully printed in two colors at the Shakespeare Head Press, Limited, ($4.00), $1.00—Thousands of other Bargains. DAUBER & PINE BOOK SHOPS, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue at 12th Street, New York. Visit our Annex (around the corner, 8 West 13th Street, open until 6 P. M.). Thousands of Good Books from 10c up.

THE LARGEST PUBLISHERS OF privately printed and limited editions in the United States, invite you to send for their free literature on such books. Prospectuses on unexpurgated publications dealing with curiosa and esoterica will also be sent gratis to adults upon request. Panurge Incorporated, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FREE: BOOKS OF THE MONTH. Book Bazaar, 1740 52nd Street, Brooklyn.

BARGAIN OFFERS

We SPECIALIZE IN CURIOUS BOOKS; privately printed items in limited editions; unexpurgated translations; unusually illustrated volumes. Join our select clientele. Catalogues on request. The Falstaff Press, Dept. S, 489, Fifth Avenue, New York.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore. 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS: IF INTERESTED in Dickens, write for list. We have many items of Dickensiana. Let us know what you want. PEGASUS BOOK SHOP, 31 East 60th Street, New York City.

CATALOGUE READY FIRST Editions interesting books. Julian G. Treilhard, 1039 Green Street, San Francisco.

FRENCH BOOKS

FRENCH BOOKS, OVER 500,000 in Stock. Lowest prices. Mail orders information prompt. New 1931 Catalogue 20 cents (stamps). The French Bookshop, 556 Madison Avenue at 56th Street. "New York's Largest French Bookshop."

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogue, 5 cents (stamps).

ODD CURIOS, unusual and extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Bookshop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

YOUR COAT OF ARMS correctly and handsomely executed in water color. Authentic work guaranteed. William Stanley Hall, 132 Lexington Avenue, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

STORY IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, talking pictures, magazines. Accepted any form for revision, development, copyright, and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, Calif.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITERS! WE PAY HUNDREDS of dollars cash, monthly awards, for story plots. Information free. Gagnon Co., Dept. 726, 1008 West 6th, Los Angeles.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as writer, editor, publisher. Helpful text-books. Catalogue. James Knapp Reeve and Agnes M. Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent, Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 133 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections. Publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MANUSCRIPTS—Short stories, articles, books and plays criticized by experts. Suggestions made for revision. Editing and typing service. Personal contact with all markets. Writers' Service Bureau, Suite 6 E, 114 West 16th Street, New York.

WRITERS—SEND AT ONCE FOR FREE booklet HOW TO WRITE FOR THE TALKIES without obligation. DANIEL O'MALLEY CO., INC., SUITE U, 1776 Broadway, New York.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING

MANUSCRIPTS EDITED AND TYPED. Prompt and expert service guaranteed. By one who has had several years of experience in literary work. Manuscripts typed in accepted form for presentation to publishers. Reasonable rates: Straight typing $1.00 per thousand words including one carbon. Small additional charge for editing, depending upon the amount of work involved. For further information please write to Box Number 61, care of The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRINTING

BOOKS PRIVATELY PRINTED. Family histories, genealogies, biographies. Exceptional facilities. Estimates given. WALTON BOOK COMPANY, 143 West 41st Street, New York.

RESORTS

TRANQUILITY AND COMFORT; beautiful hills; 300 acres orchards, gardens, lawns; modern; good food; sports, swimming available; $10 week-end; $30 to $42 weekly; leaflet free. LAVENDAR HALL INN & FARMS, NEWTON, PA.

THREE SPRINGS FARM—Four miles from city. 200 acres of peace-beauty and inspiration with views more marvellous and friendly than anything in Europe.

Modernized old fourteen-room farmhouse almost completely furnished with antiques, all ready. Enclosed road, no neighbors in sight.

Reasonable sale price or would rent.
Martha Bucklin,
Rutland, Vt.

TYPOGRAPHY

PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS' BOOKS: Designed and made according to the finest principles. S. A. Jacobs, 3 Milligan Place, New York.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

THE ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word for one insertion; for any less number of insertions 10 cents a word for one insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review of Literature, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers*, 336 Fourth Avenue, *New York

Hendrik Willem Van Loon was once asked to list his favorite books for summer reading. "Sir," he replied with a Johnsonian flourish, "the reading of good books, like bathing, is a practice that I keep up all year round."

There may still be a few mid-Victorians who wear bathing suits with sleeves, sprinkle their wrists and temples before entering the surf, and turn to hammock reading the moment daylight saving begins. . . The fact is that persons who read trash in June read the same sort of trash in January. And persons who read like civilized adults in mid-winter respect pretty much the same standards in mid-summer.

Our own sales records prove this. To cite two outstanding examples, *The Story of Philosophy* and *Wolf Solent* enjoyed high critical acclaim and spectacular best-sellerdom while the thermometer was registering blood-heat. Like many of *The Inner Sanctum*'s biggest books, they were both published late in May.

The current records supply further confirmation. As these lines are written—on a sun-drenched terrace overlooking Long Island Sound—our own best sellers are

Adventures In Genius by WILL DURANT
Men of Art by THOMAS CRAVEN
The Pure In Heart by FRANZ WERFEL
The Works of Plato, edited by IRWIN EDMAN
The Works of Schopenhauer edited by WILL DURANT
Hard Lines by OGDEN NASH

To cap the climax, The Inner Sanctum will publish *on July sixth* a work of *Living Philosophies* by twenty-two representative modern thinkers including ALBERT EINSTEIN, JOHN DEWEY, BERTRAND RUSSELL, H. G. WELLS, H. L. MENCKEN, DEAN INGE, IRVING BABBITT, et al. . . . That's what your correspondents think of hot-weather reading and the intelligence of the American public. Moreover [thanks to the Book-of-the-Month Club] the first printing of *Living Philosophies* will exceed fifty thousand copies.

ESSANDESS.

The book that refused to die!
MARTYRDOM OF MAN
(New Edition)
By Winwood Reade
with an introduction by F. Legge
Called "Wild, mischievous, and blasphemous," "The Martyrdom of Man" survived all attempts of well meaning fanatics and reactionaries to stop its circulation and sale. For a generation it has remained one of the most picturesque and stimulating reviews of the triumphs and disasters of man ever written in any language.
At all bookstores, **$2.50**
E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.
300 Fourth Ave., New York

IMMORTAL POETRY
FATAL INTERVIEW
A Volume of Love Sonnets
by
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
$2.00 Harpers

POLISH
Romantic Literature
By Julia Krzyzanowski, Ph.D.
A panorama of the literature of a homeless generation. In this book is traced the growth of Poland's literature, emphasizing especially the great figures of Michiewics, Stowacki and Krasinski.
At All Bookstores, $1.00
E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.
300 Fourth Ave., New York

The PHŒNIX NEST

FROM Yaddo, at Saratoga Springs, we hear that the following writers are engaged in literary pursuits: *Henry Hazlitt, Horace Gregory, Malcolm Cowley, Evelyn Scott, Matthew Josephson, Kenneth Burke, Dorothy Scarborough,* and *Edwin Seaver.* Among writers at present at the MacDowell Colony at Peterboro, New Hampshire, are *Edwin Arlington Robinson, Nancy Byrd Turner, Chard Powers Smith, Irving Fineman, Theodore Maynard,* and *William Rose Benét.*

On June 15th the Viking Press published *Stefan Zweig's "Amok,"* which is his first book since a biography last year of "Joseph Fouché." "Amok" is a "novelle," a shorter novel of the type that has been perfected in Germany, where *Schnitzler, Thomas Mann, Gerhardt Hauptmann,* and *Bruno Frank* have proved adept in the form. Zweig is, however, regarded as its complete master. He has written many. The present one is translated by *Eden* and *Cedar Paul.* . . .

On our way to where we are we went through Boston, where we encountered a taxi-driver of ferocious aspect who turned out to have the manners of a Chesterfield. We read a book all the time we were in Boston, which was about an hour, because we had heard that Boston people were more used to seeing people reading books on the street or in public places then they are in New York. . . .

The book we were reading was *Hugh Walpole's* "Above the Dark Tumult" (Doubleday, Doran), and we found it a good yarn, nothing wonderful, but a good yarn. It is Walpole taking a holiday and not writing nearly as well as he can, but he has made things exciting, he sustains one's interest. And there are a couple of good murders in the book. We always did like a good murder. . . .

There is also a good deal in it about people going off their chump both on account of idealism and on account of the great war. Of course, if one stops to think about the world, actually think, there's plenty to go off one's chump about. We have only really managed to remain sane by being feeble-minded. If we ever got really intelligent we hesitate to think what would become of us. . . .

Long ago an eminent person spoke to us of Walpole's love for men of girth and "stout fellows" in his books and his dislike of thin fellows. It's quite so. The greatest villain in the present vol. is a thin fellow, and the finest person (who only comes into the story for a few moments) is a "stout fellow." Well, it's the way most artists draw pictures of people who look something like themselves. Whenever we have met Walpole, we have felt he would make a good tackle on any football team or pull a good seven oar perhaps. As for us, anyway, we *used* to be thin. . . .

We have been amazed by two things in *Russell Blankenship's* "American Literature" (Henry Holt & Company): first, that the book contains not a single mention of the writing of *Elinor Wylie;* second, that in it *Carl Van Vechten* is credited with having produced a novel entitled "Peter Whipple." There are also a longwindedness and a lack of true literary discrimination about this book, so far as we have examined it, that disappoint our hopes. . . .

We think we are going to like "Father Malachy's Miracle," by *Bruce Marshall* (Doubleday, Doran). It looks like one of those oddities of the Irish that we usually relish. We're going to sit down to read it just as soon as possible. We haven't had a chance as yet, though we had a copy even before the book was published on June 5.

You probably remember a certain amount of newspaper publicity that was given of recent years to the "hex" or witchcraft superstitions of certain of the Pennsylvania Dutch. You may recall the "hex" trials in Eastern Pennsylvania. Well, now the Macaulay Company is publishing in June a novel written by *Raube Walters,* of Pennsylvania Dutch descent, entitled, "The Hex Woman." . . .

William McFee, in the throes of completing his new novel, "The Harbour-Master," recently wrote to his publishers:

> I am now in the condition of a man who is running the last laps of a race in a fainting fit; he may be doing fine, but he doesn't know anything about it. The awakening will come when I get round to revising the typescript. My typist lost patience with Mr. Spenlove several hundred pages ago. The general idea of the Spenlove character is to provoke thought, but the typist says she wants to kill him.

Ford Madox Ford has been sunning himself and spending long and solitary days in Toulon. Horace Liveright, Inc. will publish his next novel, "When the Wicked Man. . . ."

J. B. Lippincott is getting out a *Jules Verne* omnibus volume. It will contain four stories, "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," "Round the World in Eighty Days," "The Blockade Runners," and "A Trip to the Moon." We hope we get a copy. . . .

Donald Friede tells us we were a little anticipatory recently in mentioning "Speakeasy Girl," as it will not appear until July 19th though he avers that it's well worth waiting for. . . .

The Vassar Coöperative Bookshop informs us that, when we guessed the drawing on their broadside was strangely like a *Lovat Fraser,* we had discovered an actual *C. Lovat Fraser* creation which they bought last summer from *Harold Munro* of the London Poetry Bookshop. . . .

Dr. Marie C. Stopes's long-banned book, "Married Love," still terrifies, even though cleared by a Federal court of the obscenity charge. A cautious customer sent the following note to the Putnam Bookstore, across the street:

> Kindly wrap in plain paper one of your books, "Married Love," as displayed in your window. Kindly do not allow bearer to see title of the book.

Kathleen and Charles Norris have now retired to their summer ranch, La Estancia, in the mountains near Saratoga, California, where Mr. Norris will go right ahead working on a new novel, "Zest." He has it. . . .

Adios.

THE PHOENICIAN.

Going to Russia?
By MAURICE HINDUS
RED BREAD
"As good as *Humanity Uprooted.*"—*HARRY HANSEN.* *Illus.,* $3.50
HUMANITY UPROOTED
"Remains the classic presentation of the social transfiguration introduced by the revolution."—BRUCE HOPPER, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* *Illus.,* $3.50
These are the best of all the books published on the subject
By LOUIS FISCHER
WHY RECOGNIZE RUSSIA?
"The best handbook available on the question."—LUDWELL DENNY, *Scripps-Howard.* $2.00
THE SOVIETS IN WORLD AFFAIRS
"A work of major importance."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* 2 vols. $10.00
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith, New York

New Borzoi Novels

THE GARDEN
By
L. A. G. STRONG
"A thoroughly charming Irish story, told with great sincerity and an appealing sympathy. It abounds in enjoyable character sketches, especially of Dermot . . . and his grandparents, and the setting . . . is admirably done. The tone is gentle and lovely, there is lots of humor, and the touch is expert."—Dr. Richard Burton. *July choice of the Book League of America.* $2.50

★

AFTER LEAVING MR. MACKENZIE
By **JEAN RHYS**
The story of a woman with whom going from man to man had become a habit. According to Frank Swinnerton: "All literary London is talking" about it; Gerald Gould calls it: "A flawless work of art." And Rebecca West says: "It is terrible but it is superb." $2.00

★

RAGGED BANNERS
By
ETHEL MANNIN

By the popular author of *Green Willow* and *Children of the Earth.* This highly provocative, often heretical novel is about a young modern, "half-genius, half-faun," who could never create beauty—only destroy it, who moved ecstatically through a world to which he did not belong . . . It is a strange story in which Miss Mannin has blended satire and poetry and a shrewd humor. $2.50

★

THE MURDER AT WRIDES PARK
By **J. S. FLETCHER**
This latest mystery introduces an ingenious young detective, Ronald Camberwell, who promises to become just one more good reason why thousands prefer Fletcher to every other mystery writer. $2.00

At All Bookshops

BORZOI BOOKS **Alfred · A · Knopf Publisher · N · Y ·**

"There was nothing more fun than a man"

See page 32 . . . . .
DOROTHY PARKER'S
new book of poems
DEATH AND TAXES
The Viking Press. $1.75

MAN *and the* STARS
By Sir James H. Jeans
D.Sc. LL.D., F.R.S.
Astronomy is a science in which exact truth is ever stranger than fiction, in which the imagination ever labors panting and breathless behind the reality, and about which one could hardly be prosaic if one tried.
This book takes you on a short tour of the universe with the world's greatest astronomer as guide.
At All Bookstores, $1.00
E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.
300 Fourth Ave., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED